

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1257.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1851.

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FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

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UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN.—DONELLAN LECTURE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Board will, on the 29th of December next, proceed to the ELECTION of the DONELLAN LECTURER for 1852. Applications from Candidates should be sent before that day to the Registrar. Each Candidate is required to send in, with his application, a Statement of the subject which he proposes for his course of lectures. None but Fellows, Ex-fellows, Bachelors of Divinity, or Doctors of Divinity, are entitled to be Candidates.

RICHARD MACDONNELL, D.D.
Registrar.

Nov. 19, 1851.

ARMED SOCIETY.—ELGIN MARBLES.

CASTS from Mr. Cheverton's reduction of the THESSEUS to which a Prize Medal was awarded at the Great Exhibition, may be obtained on application to Mr. Mackay, at Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi's, 13 and 14, Pall-mall East. Price 25s. (or to Members of the Armad Society, 15s. 6d.).

By order of the Council.
G. AUDREY BEZZI, Hon. Sec.

Office of the Armad Society, Nov. 5, 1851.

THE DEPOSITORS OF WORKS OF ART and

PROPERTY IN THE GREAT EXHIBITION, and others, are respectfully informed that the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, incorporated in 1828, is CLOSED to the Public, for the purpose of receiving approved Deposits, for sale or for loan, without expense to the Depositors. Those who wish to embrace this opportunity should send their Works before the 1st of December, and they will then be fully particularized in the Catalogue. The Institution will be RE-OPENED on the 8th of DECEMBER.

R. I. LONGBOTTOM, Secretary.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—THE GENERAL MEETING will be held, at the Society's House, in Hanover-square, on SATURDAY, the 30th December, 1851, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon.

By order of the Council.

JAMES HUDSON, Secretary.

London, 29th November, 1851.

LITERATURE.—A Gentleman whose time is

not wholly occupied is open to AN ENGAGEMENT as Contributor to a Periodical. Address A. C. T. M. A. M. A. Newspaper Office, 9, Parliament-street, Westminster.

TO CANDIDATES FOR THE ARMY, STUDENTS, &c.—AN UNDERGRADUATE of the University of Dublin, late First-class Scholar and prizeman of his College, who has had much experience in scholastic and private tuition, would READ the CLASSICS, HISTORY, &c., required by the various Examining Bodies. His last pupil, a Baronet's son, obtained second place at the November Examination of Army Candidates. Terms moderate.—Barr, 5, Falcon-terrace, Salisbury-place, Waltham.

TO CAPITALISTS.—WANTED A GENTLEMAN,

with a knowledge of the Fine Arts, to continue the CONDUCT of an EXHIBITION of PAINTINGS, which has been successfully established at a considerable expense, and is now in the hands of the artist. It is required to be continued, and the Advertiser will either retain an interest in the Exhibition, or may be proposed by the purchaser.—Apply for further particulars to Messrs. Aspinall & Son, Solicitors, 4, Old Jewry.

WANTED, A PERSON TO STUFF AND PUT

UP OBJECTS OF NATURAL HISTORY, and make him generally useful in a Museum. The salary is only low at present, but is expected to be further increased. Particulars apply to BERNARD BLAKELY, Registrar, Queen's College, Galway.

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MARYLEBONE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—The New Theatre of this

institution will be opened on Monday Evening, the 1st of December, when MISS GLYN will read the TRAGEDY of MACBETH. To commence at Eight o'clock. Members have free admission, with the privilege of introducing a lady. Non-Members can procure tickets at Two Shillings each. The Syllabus for the present Season may be obtained on application to the Secretary.

PATENT COMPENSATING PORTABLE

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CATTLE SHOW, 1851.—THE PRIZE CATTLE

SHOW of the SMITHFIELD CLUB and EXHIBITION of IMPLEMENTS, SEEDS, ROOTS, &c., COMMENCES TUESDAY MORNING, and CLOSES FRIDAY EVENING, December 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th, BAZAAR, KING-STREET, PORTMAN-SQUARE. The space appropriated for the show is nearly double that of former years, and the arrangements are marked by the usual attention to the comfort of visitors.

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For full particulars of the booking-through system between England and Ireland, see Bradshaw's Guide, page 122; Walsh's Irish Guide, page 20; Fisher's Irish Guide, page 2.

MR. THOMAS RICHARDS, PRINTER,

(late of St. Martin's-lane), begs particularly to direct attention to the recent Address, 21, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS. As agent for the Hinkley and Percy Societies, he begs to request that all communications intended for him may be sent to Great Queen-street.

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Athenæum, Nov. 8, 1851.

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It is as a most extraordinary “character”—a strange specimen of human nature, compounded of ridiculous and sublime qualities,—that Suwarow will live in history. In physical appearance, he presented a wretched-looking worn-out frame, clad in shabby attire,

and scorning all outward show. Let us show our readers Major Macready's life-like portrait of this Russian hero.—

“The man who acted thus towards sovereigns was in person miserably thin, and five feet one inch in height. A large mouth, pug nose, eyes commonly half shut, a few grey side locks, brought over the top of his bald crown, and a small unpowdered queue, the whole surmounted by a three-cornered felt hat ornamented with green fringe, composed the ‘head and front’ of Field-Marshal Suwarow; but his eyes, when open, were piercing, and in battle they were said to be terrifically expressive. When anything said or done displeased him, a wavy play of his deeply-wrinkled forehead betrayed, or rather expressed, his disapproval. He had a philosophical contempt for dress, and might often be seen drilling his men in his shirt sleeves. It was only during the severest weather that he wore cloth, his outer garments being usually of white serge turned up with green. These were most indifferently made, as were his large, coarsely greased slouching boots; one of which he very commonly dispensed with, leaving his kneeband unbuttoned, and his stocking about his heel. A huge sabre and a single order completed his ordinary costume; but on grand occasions his Field-Marshal's uniform was covered with badges, and he was fond of telling where and how he had won them. He often arose at midnight, and welcomed the first soldier he saw moving with a piercing imitation of the crowing of a cock, in compliment to his early rising. It is said that in the first Polish war, knowing a spy was in the camp, he issued orders for an attack at cock-crow, and the enemy expecting it in the morning, were cut to pieces at nine at night.—Suwarow having turned out the troops an hour before by his well-known cry. The evening before the storm of Ismail, he informed his columns.—‘Tomorrow morning, an hour before daybreak, I mean to get up. I shall then dress and wash myself, then say my prayers, and then give one good cock-crow, and capture Ismail!’ When Ségur asked him if he never took off his clothes at night, he replied, ‘No! when I get lazy, and want to have a comfortable sleep, I generally take off one spur.’ Buckets of cold water were thrown over him before he dressed, and his table was served at seven or eight o'clock with sandwiches and various messes which Duboscage describes as ‘des ragouts Kosaks détestables;’ to which men paid ‘the mouth honour, which they would fain deny, but dare not,’ lest Suwarow should consider them effeminate. He had been very sickly in his youth, but by spare diet and cold bathing had strengthened and hardened himself into first-rate condition. English ale was his favourite drink. Soldiers, indifferently from any regiment, were his servants. His food, straw (for he used no bed), and lodging were the same as theirs. He saluted as they did; dispensed with pocket-handkerchiefs, like them; would be seen half-naked, airing his shirt and dressing himself at a watch fire, among a crowd of them; in short, he adopted all their habits. Descending to be their friend and model, he did not only what they were obliged to do, but whatever it was to their advantage should be done; and they were proud to imitate the man who was not less their comrade than their commander, and the companion of princes. The constraint of duty was unfeigned—obedience was a delight to them. They called themselves his children, and him their father; and while he attended to their wants like one, his familiar jests with them, or in their presence, made every condescension convey some lesson. ‘What I say to a soldier,’ he observed, ‘is told to his comrades at night, and next day the army know it. To impress on them the duty of implicit obedience, his aides-de-camp were accustomed to interrupt his dinner or his doze with ‘You must eat no more,’ or ‘You must walk.’—‘Ah!’ he would answer, in affected surprise, ‘by whose order?’—By that of Field-Marshal Suwarow,’ was the reply; and ‘he must be obeyed,’ was the laughing and submissive rejoinder. He once had his arm raised to strike a soldier, when an officer boldly exclaimed, ‘The Field-Marshal has commanded that no one shall give way to passion,’ he desisted, saying, ‘What the Field-Marshal orders, Suwarow obeys.’ His instructions tended to form the man as well as the soldier. ‘If you perceive a

cannon with lighted match,’ he directs, ‘rush upon it creeping, the ball will pass over your head—cannon and cannoniers are your own—overset the gun and spike it—the men may receive quarter. It is a sin to slay without a cause. Do no wrong to an unoffending party. He supplies you with meat and drink. A true soldier is no robber. Spoil is to be held sacred—if you capture a camp or fortress, it is all your own; but beware of laying your hands upon spoil without previous orders. Seek to die for the honour of the Virgin Mary—your mother (the Empress), and all the royal family. The church offers up prayers for those who fall—honours and rewards await those who live. A soldier should be healthy-minded, brave, intrepid, decisive, loyal, and honourable. Let him pray to God, from whom proceed victory and miraculous interpositions. God be our guide! God is our leader!’ ‘I don't know—I can't—impossible,’ were words he hated. ‘Learn—do—try,’ he would exclaim. When a soldier is expected to act, and does nothing, he must do wrong—if he does something, there are chances he does rightly. Many a man has resources within himself that he is not aware of. Under Suwarow he is sure to do his best. If he went into a house when the army bivouacked, he frequently ordered away the doors and windows. ‘I am not cold nor afraid,’ he would say, and the soldiers, who laughed as they obeyed the order, would try to brave the cold like ‘their father.’ When provisions were very scarce, he not unfrequently met the difficulty by ordering a general fast; which, as he kept it religiously, was cheerfully acquiesced in by the men.”

It is hardly possible in ransacking history to find an exact military counterpart to Suwarow. In his dauntless valour and passionate desire to push on war with the greatest rapidity, Blücher is like him; but the Russian general had no vices, and was neither a glutton nor a gambler. At times he puts us in mind of the courage combined with eccentricity and genius in the Napier family; but Suwarow, though he spoke six languages and was very capable of study, wanted the exact sciences. He had seen them misapplied in war, and had not sufficient genius to discern their right application; yet if he had been bred up under Napoleon or Wellington he might have cured the faults of his military mind. He had great powers of vituperation, and in a popular system of government would have been doubtless a most effective popular leader if he had applied himself to political affairs. He often reminds us of both Cobbett and Carlyle. The following might pass for Carlyle:—“He scoffed,” says our author, at “system-mongers, precise talkers, Demostheneses—Hannibals, senate, scribentism, and the hellish abysses of methodism.”—We almost expected in reading this peculiar vocabulary, in which he indulged, to meet with “shams,” “mumbo-jumbo,” “grinning phantasms,” “hell broth,”—and the like. There is certainly nothing new under the sun. Suwarow was satisfied with inventing the dialect, and left others to enlarge it by “up-setting” Germanisms.

Even if the name of Nelson were not often mentioned in this memoir, it would be impossible to read of the professional enthusiasm and ideas of duty entertained by Suwarow without being constantly reminded of the hero of Trafalgar. These heroes were at once very like and very unlike in many things. Even the letters which they wrote to each other are in the same vein,—and they both profess their “enchantment” at being considered so like each other in appearance. Rarely has the sublime power of mind over matter been seen more strongly than in two shrivelled bodies inclosing the stirring natures of Nelson and Suwarow.

But of all his moral qualities the vigour of his will was the most remarkable in Suwarow. The strength of his nature lay in his power of willing,—and like all resolute persons, he preached it up as a system. “You can only half

will," he said to people who failed. Like Riche-lieu, he wished to banish the word "impossible" from the dictionary. Taking this view of his native resolution along with the *bizarrie* of his eccentric character, we cannot but suspect that Frederick of Prussia had produced great effect on his imagination. Suwarow is seen in more striking contrast in the present volume, because at the end are inserted two long chapters severely criticizing Mr. Alison's strictures on Suwarow and the Archduke of Austria. This volume is said to be "edited by an officer of rank,"—and it is quite right that such a work should have a professional editor. It is not in the least spirit of disparagement that we say, it is quite evident that it was not a *littérateur* who edited the volume,—for a striking effect has been lost. In the next edition we should recommend that all the critical matter appertaining to the Archduke of Austria should be cast into the main narrative, so as to present an artistic contrast between Suwarow, who joined second-rate science to first-rate moral force, and the Archduke of Austria, who presented the man of large intellect with feebleness of will. The man of native energy appears strikingly to advantage, and teaches us the important lesson how moral determination can carry men forward in affairs. Admirably does Major Macready say of Suwarow,—

"He is a glorious instance of what may be effected by the energetic development and exercise of qualities, the germs of which are in almost every human heart. Examples of a loftier class may readily be found, but none of more general application. His faults (at once so serious and so palpable) convey an universal lesson. His excellencies every soldier may aspire to emulate. The first show us how incumbent on us is the study of our art; the second, what earnest courage and devotion can effect towards covering with success our greatest errors. These qualities dignify our nature, by elevating a common energy to a level (as far as regards results) with rare and accidental gifts of intellect; they teach confidence to the soldier who distrusts his ability, by showing irrefutably that to strike strongly is next to striking skilfully; and they bid him 'on and fear not,' secure in the conviction that if his country be not benefited by his talent, it will at least by the example of his devotion."

In the Fine Arts and in Literature we every day see contrasts similar to that shown between Suwarow and the Archduke of Austria. We see every day resolute will and sustained enthusiasm triumphing over brilliant faculties with desultory purpose and wavering zeal.

The strictures of Major Macready on Mr. Alison's views of strategies it would lead us too far to discuss. Never did any unprofessional man utter so many peremptory comments on generalship as Mr. Alison. Major Macready is one of the many military authorities who have taken the liberty of dissenting from the historian. The latter's assertion, that the Archduke of Austria was "the general, of all others, who in those days of glory approached the nearest to ideal perfection," is torn to pieces by Major Macready; who, after offering his own detailed criticism on such an extravagant *dictum*, appeals to the statements of other writers, and adopts as his own the well-drawn character of the Archduke by Capefigue.

From the author's own journals only one extract is given:—which we subjoin, as being almost fit letter-press for Landseer's picture of 'Peace and War.'—

"On coming down to breakfast at the 'Black Eagle,' we encountered our first memorial of the battle in the mark of a musket shot under the cornice of the room, with the date inscribed below it.—15th Agosto 1799." The guide provided for us was a respectable-looking lame old soldier, who said he had served at Austerlitz and Eylau, and had been twice wounded, but who, though recommended to us as 'parfaitement instruit,' I soon found knew next to

nothing of Novi; and it pained me to find in his conversation an obtrusive exhibition of shallow infidelity, so that when I set out for Pasturana, I was not sorry to avail myself of his lameness as an excuse for dispensing with his further services. The road from the Gavi gate of Novi to this village, diagonally crosses the French position. The day was glorious, and showed me all I came to see most famously. The walk is chiefly along the edge of the great ravine or valley which backs in the position, except immediately behind the town and castle of Novi. Pasturana is most picturesquely placed with its castelletto on the right of the steep road and defile which goes down to the Riasco, and a precipitous bank upon its left. It is very pretty, but a deadly thing to look at, as the only passage of a routed army. When I drank to Major Kies in the Riasco water, I did not forget Grouchy and Perignon and Colli. I looked up, and thought of Lemoine's division. Good heavens!—could a bone in their bodies have come down unbroken? No wonder the Frenchmen were of 'l'épouvantable boucherie';—it could be no less with earnest men under furious excitement on such ground as this. How beautiful, peaceful, and sunshiny it all lay before me! I had walked up to a height, between the village and the next ravine, towards Bassaluzzo, where a religious mission had yesterday put up a gigantic crucifix, and as I was intently peeping the ground before me with Bellegarde's and Richepanse's battling horsemen, a man came suddenly round the bushes and disturbed me; it was a priest—one of the mission from Genoa. I bowed to him, and he to me. A half-expended soldier and a youthful priest exchanging courtesies on a whilome battle-field, where all else was stillness, cheerful sunshine, dappled light and shadows, and an universal beauty that quite stirred the heart, formed a picture somewhat different from that I was endeavouring to conjure up. God grant that past and present may long continue to offer such contrasts! As I was singing my way back, I came bolt upon an old peasant, who stared for a moment, and then broke into a shout of 'Allégre, allégre!'"

The main interest of this book, we may say in conclusion, lies in the portraiture of Suwarow. It is a volume that should find its place in every military library,—being thoroughly informed with soldierly sentiments.

Arctic Searching Expedition: a Journal of a Boat-Voyage through Rupert's Land and the Arctic Sea, in Search of the Discovery Ships under command of Sir John Franklin. With an Appendix on the Physical Geography of North America. By Sir John Richardson. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

THE reader who shall open these volumes hoping to find in them a new chapter of the long and varied Saga of Arctic adventure, will be disappointed. Sir John Richardson deservedly enjoys a high scientific reputation,—but he is not the man to indite a northern *Eöthen*. Vainly for him do gorgeous Auroras illumine the Arctic way. With wonderful pertinacity and endurance he marches onward, day after day, unmoved and unbending:—and in the same unwearied and undiscursive spirit he carries his readers through the mere precisions of his logbook-like pages from the beginning to the end of his narrative.

This narrative, in common with the narratives of the commanders of the other searching Expeditions, has been, in another form, already before the public. We may state briefly, however, here, in relation to the first part of Sir John Richardson's book, that the object of his Expedition was, to examine the coast between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands lying opposite to Cape Krusenstern. How much was done, and how much left undone, is already matter of history; nor do we find anything in Sir John Richardson's more detailed 'Journal' calculated to give a fresh interest to our readers. It will be remembered, that the task of explor-

ing the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Lands was left to Mr. Rae, who accompanied Sir John Richardson; and it may also be remembered, that considerable dissatisfaction was expressed when it became known that he had not succeeded in effecting it. It will be seen by the following extract how entirely Sir John Richardson absolves him from blame.—

"Mr. Rae's failure in crossing to Wollaston Land is to be attributed solely to the strait being filled with impracticable ice. I know from his private letters that the mortification he experienced in the result is much more severe than he has thought proper to express in his official despatch. The presence of ice in Dolphin and Union Straits and in Coronation Gulf for two or more successive seasons, where the experience of former years had led us to expect a comparatively open sea, is suggestive of the manner in which a party may be shut up in these regions, and leads to many melancholy reflections. Every reader of my narrative of the proceedings of the expedition will be aware of how much I was indebted to Mr. Rae's activity and intelligence throughout its progress; and this seems to be the appropriate place for me to express formally my sense of obligation to him for his sound advice and co-operation on every emergency. His society cheered the long hours of an arctic winter's absence from my wife and family, and it was in a great measure owing to his skill and assiduity in observing, that our experiments on magnetism during our stay at Fort Confidence were carried on so as to be productive of scientific results."

Undeterred by former failures, it was Mr. Rae's intention to set out in April last from Great Bear Lake, in the hope of crossing on the ice to Victoria Land,—and of continuing his search in a boat as soon as the navigation should be opened;—and we are happy to know that he has been in a great measure successful.

Sir John Richardson brings the full force of statistics to show the abundance of game which rewarded the efforts of his hunting parties in the winter of 1848-9. To the middle of April in the latter year, there were received in the storehouse attached to their winter quarters 5,191 fish, 13,810 lb. of fresh venison, 9,220 lb. of half-dry venison, 360 lb. of pounded meat, 353 lb. of reindeer fat, and 625 reindeer tongues. "In addition to the above," says Sir John,—"Mr. Bell brought up, in autumn, 1,200 lb. of dried meat from Fort Simpson, 6 cwt. of barley-meal, and three kegs of rough barley, several 90 lb. bags of flour, some bags of potatoes, with tea and sugar, together with a full supply of pemican for Mr. Rae's summer expedition, and for the provisioning of the men returning to England. So well provided, we had no dread of want at any time, and passed the winter in abundance. Our men had each a daily ration of 8 lb. of venison on five days in the week, and on the other two from 10 lb. to 15 lb. of fish. The women also received rations, and the children smaller allowances. Barley and potatoes were issued in addition as long as they lasted, and flour occasionally. All the men preferred barley-meal to wheaten flour, as it answered better for thickening the soup, and they thought that it was a more substantial article of diet. The rough barley was beaten in a wooden trough until the husks separated, and then boiled whole along with venison, in which way it made a nourishing soup, that was much relished by all the party. Few of the Europeans consumed the whole of their provisions, and the Indians were generally in attendance at their meals to receive the surplus. Several feasts varied the monotony of our winter life: one was given as a house-warming when the buildings were finished; another, as is customary at all the posts, on the first day of the new year; and two others when the winter was further advanced. On these occasions, the fishermen and wood-cutters were called in, and the whole establishment, man, woman, and child, supped at long tables placed temporarily in the hall. Preparations for the feasts were made by a great baking of bread, pies, and tarts for two days previously; and tea was served liberally as long as any of the party felt an inclination to drink. The tables were then cleared away, and the dance was

kept up with vigour to a late hour, or rather to an early one, for the party did not separate till the morning was advanced. Mr. Bell and Bruce were the musicians. The latter, with that aptness which the half-breeds show to learn anything that comes under their observation, had made his own fiddle, and taught himself to play upon it."

The character of habitual liars generally attributed to the Esquimaux and Indians, is confirmed by Sir John Richardson. With respect to the Chipewyans, he says:—

"Another habit which darkens the shade in the character of these Indians is that of lying, which they carry to such an extent, even among themselves, that they can scarcely be said to esteem truth a virtue. If a young man has been successful in his morning's hunt in a time of famine, he does not rush into his family circle with joy beaming on his countenance, to tell that there is food, but, assuming an aspect of sadness, squats himself in silence beside the fire. The women with doubt and anxiety examine his shoes and dress for spots of blood, that may betoken the death of an animal, but discovering none, put the question, 'Did you see no deer?'—'Not one, the deer are all gone, not a single footstep was to be seen.' When the colloquy has continued for a time, and hope seems to be extinct, he then draws out from beneath his shirt two or three tongues, as the case may be, and says with an air of the utmost indifference, 'You may go for the meat.' It is not, however, merely at such times, and to enhance the pleasure by previous disappointment, that truth is violated, but on almost every occasion; and the skill of an Old Bailey practitioner would find exercise in eliciting facts from the mass of contradictions with which they overload them. A story, which was at first a pure invention, or perhaps, a perversion of some simple occurrence, becomes so changed by the additions it receives in its transmission from individual to individual, that it deceives the originators, and if it bears on the safety of the community, may spread consternation among them, and occasion a hasty flight."

Although it may be desirable to give a more permanent character to the proceedings generally of the Arctic Searching Expeditions than their embodiment in periodical publications,—it is in the scientific portion that the chief value of these volumes consist. The physical geography of North America is here very fully described; and our author laboured diligently in his self-imposed vocation as naturalist during his journey. With respect to the climatology of Arctic America he puts forward the following meteorological speculations, which possess considerable interest with reference to the fate of Sir John Franklin.—

"The idea of a cycle of good and bad seasons has often been mooted by meteorologists, and has frequently recurred to my thoughts when endeavouring to find a reason for the ease with which at some periods of arctic discovery navigators were able to penetrate early in the summer into sounds which subsequent adventurers could not approach, and to connect such facts with the fate of the discovery ships. But neither the periods assigned, nor the facts adduced to prove them by different writers, have been presented in such a shape as to carry conviction with them, until very recently. Mr. Glaisher, in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1850, has shown, from eighty years' observations in London and at Greenwich, that groups of warm years alternate with groups of cold ones, in such a way as to render it most probable that the mean annual temperatures rise and fall in a series of elliptical curves, which correspond to periods of about fourteen years; though local or casual disturbing forces cause the means of particular years to rise above the curve or fall below it. The same laws doubtless operate in North America, producing a similar gradual increase and subsequent decrease of mean heat, in a series of years, though the summits of the curves are not likely to be coincident with, and are very probably opposed to, those of Europe; since the atmospheric currents from the south, which for a period raise the annual temperature of England, must be counterbalanced by currents from

the north or other meridians. The annual heat has been diminishing in London ever since 1844, according to Mr. Glaisher's diagram, and will reach its minimum in 1851. It can be stated only as a conjecture, though by no means an improbable one, that Sir John Franklin entered Lancaster Sound at the close of a group of warm years, when the ice was in the most favourable condition of diminution, and that since then the annual heat has attained its minimum, probably in 1847 or 1848, and may now be increasing again. At all events, it is conceivable that, having pushed on boldly in one of the last of the favourable years of the cycle, the ice, produced in the unfavourable ones which followed, has shut him in, and been found insurmountable; but there remains the hope that if this be the period of rise of the mean heat in that quarter the zealous and enterprising officers now on his track will not encounter obstructions equal to those which prevented their skilful and no less enterprising and zealous predecessor in the search, from carrying his ships beyond Cape Leopold."

Although not a professed geologist, Sir John Richardson gives a lucid and interesting account of the geology of North America,—a considerable tract here described having been visited by no other geologist than himself. According to our author, there are vast mineral treasures in the territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, which he has no doubt abound in metallic wealth of far greater value than any returns which the fur trade can yield.

The Fair Carew; or, Husbands and Wives. 3 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.

Most frequently when we read a novel we feel thankful that the course of this world is not ordered by the dispensers of poetical justice. There is much grumbling at things "as they are;" but let those who think they could mend them write a novel—and then compare it with the poor, old, original, vilified world which has lasted better or worse for six thousand years. Novelists have absolute autocratic control over the destinies of their characters; but for the most part their web of Fate would not weave into stuff for a week's real life out of a lunatic asylum. Therefore, we rejoice in the burden of that sailor's song,—

For Providence will have its way
Let men do what they can, brave boys.

The reading of 'The Fair Carew' has suggested these moral reflections. Clever—and very clever—this work certainly is. Nothing much smarter in style have we for some time met with, unless it be the far less agreeable smartness of Miss Brontë. But rarely, at the same time, have we read a novel so eminently artificial both in plot and in incident. The smallest exertion of common sense would have inevitably cut down the three orthodox volumes before us to an uncanonical octavo: but then a good deal of entertainment would have been lost,—some spirited descriptions and some effective situations. The characters seem to be nearly

all made out of the carver's brain,

—to have no relation to any prototypes in flesh and blood. The scene is laid in various parts of England, and the journeyings to and fro are all within the circuit of a hundred miles; but the reader is as much bewildered as Mrs. Hardcastle after the drive down "Feather-bed Lane, Heavy-tree Heath, and Crackskull Common,—with a circumbendibus that left them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden."—The style is, however, carefully finished; and, in spite of these drawbacks, the book carries the interest of the reader on to the end,—though it drags somewhat in the second volume.

The story turns upon the secret marriage of the heir of the proud Luttrells with a lovely cousin belonging to a tabooed branch of the family:—and the sketch of this family, with

which the volumes open, may afford in the very outset a specimen of the lively manner which forms their principal charm to the close.—

"The name of Luttrell is held in high esteem in its native county. Its origin is ancient enough to insure it a prominent position amongst the surrounding gentry; and although, up to the time when our story commences, the head of the house remained still untitled, the family had, in its collateral branches, formed many a noble alliance. More than commonly prosperous had been its career; by whatever name we may choose to designate that prevailing turn to good or evil which is often observed to influence collective portions of men as well as simple individuals—whether we call it luck or fortune, blind fate or an overruling providence, the mysterious tendency has seldom been more convincingly manifested than amongst these Luttrells of Horton. For many generations they had been advancing in wealth and dignity, and had witnessed in their steady ascent the decay or downfall of more than one rival race, which had been less auspiciously favoured in the first instance, or less gifted with the foresight and discretion requisite to make use of the opportunities actually afforded it. It seemed as if the very same accidents which tended to injure or mortify other people, became, in the case of the Luttrells, a positive blessing. Did one of them chance to break his neck in the hunting field, or convey the contents of his fowling-piece into his own person instead of the game he was pursuing, it would turn out to be that very individual of the family who could best be spared—some one too dull or ungainly to be valuable in his generation. Did another happen to be prematurely cut off by typhus, or overturned in a tilbury, who cared? it was but some spendthrift who would have gambled away his portion of the hereditary acres, or some idle youth raw from college, whose death occurred just in time to prevent his disgracing himself and his kindred by marrying an opera dancer or his mother's maid. On the other hand, when the proud spirit of the Luttrells was galled by some member of their lineage seeking, in mercantile pursuits, the independence not to be acquired by hanging idly on the paternal estate, time never failed to soothe their displeasure; for wealth was sure to reward the adventurer and command the outward respect, at least, of his haughty kinsfolk, who refused not to acknowledge the rich London merchant as a loving cousin, and never scrupled applying for his co-operation when a godfather was in request, or a poor relation was being fitted out for India at the family expense. Marriage, too, that stumbling-stock to many a family in its march to preferment, proved in most instances a useful auxiliary to the Luttrells; a circumspect prudence governing their conduct in this, as in other matters of business. For two succeeding generations had the heads of the family become enamoured of the respective heiresses of the estates adjoining Horton; and the proceeding, which turned out remarkably well in both cases, was imitated by other members of the family, each in his degree and profession. The aspirants for clerical honours, for stalls and prebends, attached themselves to the offspring of deans, archdeacons, and so forth; those learned in the law pinned for the fair ones whose relations were nearest the woolstack; while the bold ensigns and gallant lieutenants, whose future glories were to illustrate the family name, were apt, by the same singular fatality, to fall much in love with the daughters of their commanding officers. In short, they who have heard the character of Cupid described as rash, frivolous, thoughtless, or headstrong, would find themselves quite at a loss, did they attempt to reconcile any of these epithets with what might be observed of his doings in this family; of so very different a disposition seemed the little Cupidons who managed the love department in the house of Luttrell."

From an exception to this golden marriage rule springs the gentle being into whose toils the hero of the proud house ultimately falls,—and out of the clandestine union of these two arises, as we have said, the involvement of the story. The introduction of young Hartley Luttrell to the "fair Carew" and their early love, are well touched in and claim the reader's

sympathy. The "widow Carew," mother to the fair Selby, is drawn at first as a pleasant and estimable woman; but no sooner has she secured her son-in-law, and through him her revenge on his family, than her claws grow sharp and strong under the velvet exterior, and she figures to the end as an impersonation of the *idée d'une belle mère*. Hartley Luttrell, the son-in-law and hero of the tale, departs immediately after the ceremony to join his regiment about to embark for the Peninsula, where the war was then raging:—and we may remark, as an instance of the defective motive in which this book abounds, that though he has very little to do—he does not indeed appear again until the *dénouement*—yet he contrives to be about the most ungentlemanlike hero that we have met with in the course of a long experience in novel reading. Of course the author stands sponsor for him as endowed with all the usual complement of heroic properties; but we confess that to us he appears to be destitute of the first elements of the character which she would assign to him. The departure of her husband of an hour leaves the "Fair Carew" in an equivocal and dangerous position; not through any levity or indiscretion of her own,—for she is represented throughout as a model of constancy and propriety,—but circumstances become unmanageably awkward. Her husband majestically refuses to avow their marriage until after his return from abroad,—quarrels with his mother-in-law because she remonstrates with him,—and vents his ill-humour on poor Selby because he supposes her to share in the remonstrance. Matters become complicated by the return of the Widow Carew's scapegrace husband after he had been for fifteen years believed to be comfortably drowned:—a neat marble tablet recording his fate and virtues being erected to his memory amongst the monuments of his grand Luttrell relations.

When the "Fair Carew" emerges from her retirement events grow still more perverse. She is carried by a stratagem of her father, "Jack Carew," to visit the Luttrells; who, little suspecting her connexion with their only son, receive her kindly. Indeed her success becomes somewhat embarrassing: for her husband's uncle falls in love with her, to the great disgust of his eldest daughter;—as does also a certain friend of her husband's, on the point of marriage with a rich heiress. In short, there is no end to the mischief of which she is the cause;—for Selby Carew, though represented as the most candid and ingenuous creature in the universe, becomes involved in a maze of mystification and deception which affords a remarkable confirmation of "Cherubina's" remark in the "Adventures of a Heroine,"—that, "though heroines begin with being all truth and purity, they generally end in being the greatest story-tellers in existence." The "Fair Carew" does not exactly tell falsehoods: she only deceives and perplexes everybody, and embroils the whole Luttrell family on her account,—to say nothing of Miss Drake and the handsome young captain who was engaged to be married to her. However, the tangled skein is dexterously unravelled,—and everything is, of course, brought to a leisurely and handsome conclusion.

A scene at the mess-table of the regiment which Hartley Luttrell has recently joined—and in which we get the first glimpse of the future heroine—will afford another pleasant sample of the smart things which these volumes contain.—

"It struck him as particularly unlucky, that of the very two men in the corps whose acquirements and turn of mind suited best with his own, the one practised six hours a day on the violin, and the other—was in love. Now, in the latter case, Hartley's sympathies might easily have been enlisted for the

innamorato had the circumstances of his passion been somewhat more plainly defined; but to listen to the raptures of his brother-in-arms about the charms of a nymph he had never seen but twice, and of whose name, character, and dwelling-place he was still profoundly ignorant—why the scraping of the lieutenant was preferable to that. Then the style in which young Romilly chose to blazon forth his admiration for this unknown beauty, was wholly irreconcilable with the scrupulous delicacy of Luttrell's ideas on all subjects of this nature. * * 'Come, Romilly,' said one of the officers, as the colonel was one day called from the mess-table on some indispensable business, which happily relieved them for a few minutes from his disagreeable presence.—'Come, Romilly, let's have that story of yours. I want to know how you first lighted on the charmer in the poke bonnet.'—'You have heard it before,' said Romilly, 'scores of times.'—'But your manner of telling it gives fresh interest to every new recital: besides, I want to know if the cow that played such a prominent part in the affair was of the real Essex breed or only an Alderney.'—'If,' said Romilly, 'I indulge myself in expatiating on this divine topic, understand, all of you, that it is out of no civility to yourselves, as I hold you utterly incapable of appreciating the merits of the subject of my narrative, or my admirable manner of relating it. It will simply be to gratify the incessant inclination I feel to talk about her; and I shall consider myself, to all intents and purposes, soliloquizing, just as much as if I were reciting Petrarch to a company of Hottentots.'—'We pass over the impertinence of the remark, in order to come to the story. It was amongst the puppet-shows at Winthrop fair that you met the damsel, wasn't it?'—'Yes,' said another.—'She was occupied professionally—dancing, as O'Halloran would say, "for the bare life," in a dirty pink petticoat trimmed with tin-foil.'—'I saw her,' said Romilly, taking no notice of the base insinuation, but throwing himself back in his chair, and fixing his eyes ecstatically on the ceiling.—'Let me recall the most blessed moment of my life! I saw her, for the first time, looking as if she had just descended from the heaven that is only worthy to contain her—surrounded, as you say, by hundreds of country dolts and rustic wenches, all gaping open-mouthed at the wonders around them. There, in the midst of noise and folly,—the titter of affection, and the coarse laugh of the vulgar—there she stood! and how different from all that was in contact with her.'—'Why, yes; her divinity would be somewhat questionable, if she looked at all like a fellow in a smock-frock, or his rosy-faced sweetheart either.'—'Her countenance, indescribably soft, was radiant with mind as well as beauty; consummate grace was in every turn of her perfect form; purity of heart, and delicacy of sentiment, shone out in every action!—'Especially when she bought that pound of gingerbread nuts, counted the change, and tied up the purchase in a checked pocket-handkerchief.'—'And if she had,' said Romilly, 'there was such native dignity in all her movements, that the vulgarity of the thing would have been unthought of: still would she have seemed a youthful Juno.'—'I don't believe Juno ever was youthful,' said Hartley. 'I have never heard of her but as bordering on a certain age.'—'You put me out,' said Romilly. 'Bingham's voice I am so used to, that I care no more for it than I do for the scraping of his eternal fiddle; but yours is new in the regiment, and disturbs the concatenation of my ideas. Where was I?'—'The catchword was Juno and gingerbread,' said Bingham: 'for once I'll stand prompter; though I heartily wish you would change the play.'—'Oh, Romilly is like Mr. Coates, he can play nothing but Romeo.' * * 'The blue of her eyes.—'They were black the last time you mentioned them.'—'Well, black or blue, they could not be purer than the mind which shone through them.'—'Well done, Romilly! old Mrs. Radcliffe herself could not hit off a description much better than that. You certainly improve every time you tell the story; and I think this is about the sixteenth recital that I have heard myself. Well, and now for the Alderney.'—'Stay one moment,' said Romilly, 'let me pause on the remembrance of my happiness, before it was snatched from me for ever. That look haunts me day and night. It was at the very instant our eyes met, and we read each other's

thoughts, hers all innocence, mine all fire; at that moment of intoxicating delight, a cry went forth among the people, a bull had escaped from an adjoining field, and was rushing madly among the crowd. At that fearful shout the lovely being turned her head, and I heard her utter a cry of alarm. It rushed into my brain with the rapidity of lightning, that, in this fortuitous circumstance, some propitious power was at work to draw us irresistibly together. I was to be her deliverer, I—happiest of men.—'Or boys,' muttered Bingham.—'I was destined to shield her from impending danger, perhaps at the sacrifice of my life: but what mattered that?—'Certainly not, as far as you were concerned; but think of your country.'—'And then, in the first emotion of her gratitude, what encouragement might I not have expected? what bliss hereafter.'—'Well, and what did happen after all?' inquired Hartley.—'Alas! my good fellow, my hopes were all fallacious: the adventure was not reserved for me. As I flew forward to join her, a multitude of affrighted fools rushed between us, and we were divided not to meet again. Heaven knows! I did all I could: I buffeted the mob, and roared in my anguish louder than the bull himself. I knocked down two men, and tumbled over one old woman; and as I arose from saluting, not the old woman, but my mother earth, I caught a glimpse of the divine girl flying along the plain; but I never again came up with her: my efforts were all in vain. Fancy the horror that filled my soul as I thus losing sight of her, while I was hemmed in and suffocated by the canaille: the brute, maddened by its pursuers, might even at that very moment be defacing the beauty that had driven me almost as wild as himself.'—'Speak more respectfully of that bull,' said Bingham: 'it is now my turn for a classical allusion, and who knows whether Jupiter himself might not have had a hand (or a hoof) in the affair: the old Thunderer has been much belied if he had not quite as quick an eye for a pretty woman as Captain Romilly of the ——— Dragoons himself; and being still ignorant of the name of your incognita, whether she be a Miss Hopkins or Jenkins, Miss Smith or Miss Brown, allow me, in the meanwhile, to propose the health of the *Fair Europa*.'—'The colonel!' whispered some one, as the old gentleman re-entered the room.—'Very well,' said Bingham: 'then we'll defer the toast to some future opportunity, when we may drink it with all the honours!'

Our readers will see that all this web of entanglement—of which we have presented only a portion of the complicated threads—is composed of the common material of novel manufacture; and we have adverted to it at this length only because it is spun by a more than commonly clever hand, and redeemed by an intellect clearly capable of far better things.—With all its faults, the book is very agreeable reading. The course of the story flows on safely and steadily. There are no pit-falls to entrap the unsuspecting reader into discussions on the "Law of Entail and Primogeniture," the "Corn Laws," the "Poor Laws," or any law of nature whatever transformed into a hobby:—and to those who take up a novel in the innocent hope of finding it one, it is well in these days to be certified of the fact.

The Application of Associative Principles and Methods to Agriculture: a Lecture. By the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Jun. Bezer.

CORIOUS, vehement, and self-assured, the author of 'Alton Locke' and 'Yeast' is not likely to be wanting in spirit or in terms to maintain his opinions, be they right or wrong. His new pamphlet consists of the report of a lecture delivered by him on behalf of the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations—a society which, as some of our readers may know, has already succeeded in establishing several small joint-work proprietaries in London and its suburbs, with as good a present prospect of success as new institutions based on chivalric more than on selfish principles could hope to show in so short a period. With ready logic,

but not always with discriminating judgment, Mr. Kingsley attacks the economists for usurping a wider empire for their science than in his opinion they can exhibit a good title to:—Mr. Cobden for his theory of county voters,—Mr. Feargus O'Connor for his land scheme,—all mill-owners and dwellers in large towns like Manchester and Glasgow,—all builders of model cottages for agricultural labourers,—and indeed every other class of person and opinion not in harmony with his new doctrines of Christian socialism. He minces nothing—spares nobody.

Mr. Kingsley's great idea is, to restore the population to the land. Large towns are to him an unmitigated abomination. "The earth," he says, "hath bubbles,—and such cities as Manchester are of them: a short-sighted and hasty greed created them,—and when they have lasted their little time and had their day, they will vanish like bubbles." A sentence this, in which we venture to think the history is false and the prophecy futile. It does not seem to occur to theorists like the Rector of Eversley, that only by means of the manufactures which excite his wrath is the vast population of Lancashire enabled to live at all,—that the concentration of inhabitants in large towns, though unquestionably attended with many minor evils, has been of itself a sort of education to thousands, and by a rapid creation of wealth has rendered possible a better system of education for the entire country. In his fiery zeal he forgets half the problem which he ventures to propound and resolve.

Mr. Kingsley seems to think that there is some sort of magic in the soil,—that by some occult influence its possessors are by it transformed into beings "just, merciful, courteous, chivalrous, patriotic, self-sacrificing, honourable, men of honour," only to be classed with "such men as St. Louis and the Black Prince, Manny and Bayard, Raleigh and Sidney, and thousands more, the salt of the earth, which kept it from rotting into a mere chaos of trade selfishness." Of the mode of transformation he gives the following example:—

"Let the retired tradesman, the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, buy an estate and settle on it,—and the man is often changed at once,—you do not know him again,—his whole morality is changed. He has passed at once into a healthier, purer, more chivalrous atmosphere. He bids goodbye, at least as long as he is on his land, however covetous he may have been before, to his old trade-maxims, of buying cheap and selling dear; cash payment is no longer his only bond between man and man; money-making is no longer his whole object; money-value is no longer his sole test of the worth of everything. The healthy human nature of the man has cast its slough, and he begins making straightway all manner of unprofitable investments. He builds model cottages, and schools, and churches; he plants unnecessary plantations, and breaks up moors that will never pay him; he rushes into scientific farming, and becomes rather a *gobemouche* than otherwise, about new discoveries and experiments, and loses his money therewith,—and when the farmers laugh at him, he talks gallantly about the *maximum* of production, and permanent improvements, and profits to the nation at large from his private losses; and making a model estate for his son, and so forth. He interferes at the Board of Guardians in behalf of old women, and brings forward plans for reproductive pauper labour, and speeches well and wisely at public meetings, and testifies against cruel farmers, and pays his labourers 10s. or 12s. when he could get them for 8s. or 9s.; may, so far will he carry this new insanity of his, that he, dissenter though he may be, will often, to his honour, build and endow places of worship for the Church of England.—And why? because he feels that he is no longer to be a trader, but a gentleman. That he is now in a sphere of action where he is bound by laws of honour, laws of duty, laws of public opinion, moral laws, in short, and not merely economic ones; that he is tied to

his labourers and his farmers by other ties than merely money ones; feudal ties, if you choose to call them so,—though they are really Socialist ones; and so he enters into a true chivalrous competition against the ancestral owners of the neighbouring estates, to see if he cannot surpass them as—a questionable political economist,—though all his old trade-energy and trade-shrewdness, and the sounder part of his economic training, come in to help him still,—but an excellent landlord, presenting to me one of the most pleasant spectacles on English soil at this day."

Whether the change here described so warmly be the result of some strange sympathetic influence exhaled from woods and meadows, we will not pretend to determine;—but if it shall ever be found that these effects are universal, then the sooner the London merchant and Manchester manufacturer are sent into Norfolk and Hampshire the better for themselves and for the world. Mr. Kingsley's Lecture should be read by such of our readers as like to be well acquainted with the progress of new doctrines. In the midst of not a little that is false in theory and inflated in sentiment, they will find in it passages of stirring eloquence, originality, and truth.

Kossuth and Magyar Land; or, Personal Adventures during the War in Hungary. By Charles Pridham. Madden.

The title of this book is somewhat of a misnomer. Of Magyar Land there is not much,—of Kossuth still less,—and of the war in Hungary nothing at all in its pages. Mr. Pridham never saw the Magyar leader till he was an exile beyond the Danube; and the war was already ended before he was able to set foot on the Hungarian soil. The interest of his book is, consequently, not of the kind which his title-page may suggest. But it *has* interest,—strong, curious, and absorbing:—partly as a story of adventure in countries little traversed by the class of ordinary summer tourists,—but chiefly at this critical moment as throwing the light of personal experience on police and military organization in the east of Europe.

In the spring of 1849, when, as our readers will remember, the last act of the Hungarian drama was about to be played out, Mr. Pridham engaged himself to go as correspondent to a morning contemporary, and supply reports from the actual scene of hostilities. Furnished by friends in London with letters of introduction to Kossuth, Bem, Görgey, and Guyon,—he set forth. At Paris he undertook to convey despatches from Count Teleki to Casimir Batthyany, Magyar Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and letters to all the principal chiefs, civil and military, of the insurgents. The latter, we are told, were inclosed in a pair of gaiters, destined to play an important part in his subsequent adventures,—"sewn into the lining by one of the prettiest of French grisettes." Arrived in Vienna, he found the frontier closed by police regulations. Whether the foreign branch of that ubiquitous establishment was already familiar with the personal sentiments of "our Correspondent"—which were, and are, extremely unfavourable to Austria—is not quite clear; but even the name of a writer in the *Times* failed to open the portals of Hungary for him. His assiduous attempts to gain his object, always baffled by the wily agents of the police office, gradually made him acquainted with the spirit and forms of that internal system of government:—and it is to his revelations on this subject that much of the present public interest of his narrative is owing.—

"I had scarcely been twenty-four hours in Vienna, before I learnt how systematically her bureaucracy went to work, and over what minute ramifications they extended their toils. Not the least noticeable

of these is the Post Office, where it is notorious that a bureau is established for the purpose of overhauling every foreign letter *in transitu*. To such a degree of perfection has long practice conduced to bring the art, that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, detection is impossible; examine every letter you receive as minutely as you may, and it is only at intervals, when the veil is thrown aside, and you learn the unfortunate correspondent of some German journal in the north has fallen into the hands of these Philistines, that you can bring yourself to believe in its reality. Yet two ambassadors assured me that, for years, their local correspondence had been thus supervised; and one, unwilling to employ a courier for the express conveyance home of his despatches, was fain to accept the agency of the representative of a kindred nation. * * While, however, the authorities betray so laudable an anxiety to fathom the epistolary secrets of natives and foreigners alike, it must be owned they are equally impartial in their inquisition into their daily avocations and places of resort. There is not a café of any note without its spy; not a hotel without its waiter, who will carefully inspect the *sancta sanctorum* of your luggage; not a railway train without its keen observer; nor a railway station without its hanger-on. Still less is there a foreign embassy without its domestic traitor, and you need not be of an inquisitive turn of mind to learn that the penetralia of your own representative contains within its walls a hired reporter, by whom its secrets are punctiliously transmitted every twenty-four hours.—aye, and that in one country in Europe, at all events, an Englishman's house is no longer his castle. You may be prone to inquire of what avail are all these finely spun meshes so indiscriminately thrown over a vast political area, and how, in the process of sorting, each atom is evolved from the mass into its own department: but bear in mind that they are elaborately systematized, and, though you may often elude them through employing their own machinery, you will be infallibly worsted in the end."

Unable to obtain a passport for Pesth, Mr. Pridham applied for a *visé* to Trieste:—intending to turn off at Glognitz, and strike across the Styrian mountains into Western Hungary. On his adventures in those wild and picturesque regions we cannot here pause. We prefer to pass on to the result of our adventurer's attempt to cross into Hungary in that direction,—with the tale of his personal pains and inconveniences.—

"Quitting Pinkafeld early in the morning, I struck in a direct course for the Platten See, on the banks of which an Hungarian force was alleged to be posted. The people in the villages, who were principally of German extraction, appeared greatly solicitous to learn my errand; but as sympathy for the Magyar cause could not be expected in the same degree as among the more mixed population in the interior, I refrained from satisfying their curiosity. Yet many of them assumed a sad expression of countenance in their allusions to the catastrophe impending over the country. In turning suddenly a corner of the road, I came quite unexpectedly upon an Austrian post, and before I had time to effect a retreat, I was greeted by a sentinel on the look-out, with the startling challenge, '*Wass machen Sie?*' The guard turned out in a twinkling. Every officer chanced to be absent from the post, or my fate might have been reserved as heretofore, but the soldiers, in their ignorance, were naturally disposed to view the incident under its more serious complexion, the more that they were unable to decipher a syllable of my passport; and after a long consultation as to what was best to be done under the circumstances, it was finally resolved that I should be forwarded to the next post in charge of three of the men. I gathered from my guard that we should find a subaltern stationed there. Having once been stopped, however, the officer, regardless of the proofs which the passport afforded of my having passed through Friedberg and Pinkafeld unmolested, decided, after a conference with his subordinates, on sending me to his superior at the next post; and in this manner I was ultimately transferred to Friedberg. The civil commissioner happened to be on session. I entered the bureau of the police with a cigar in my mouth, but removed it immediately upon coming in presence of

the magistrate. He eyed me, however, in a manner so vindictive, and assumed a scowl so savage and insolent, that, on perceiving he intended to continue smoking himself, I instinctively resumed it, determined rather to commit a breach of decorum, than manifest the slightest symptom of trepidation. He ordered me to extinguish it. I replied that I should be happy to comply the instant he set me a better precedent. For a moment he hesitated, and then removed his pipe; but while in the act of following his example, my cigar was dashed from between my teeth by one of the bailiffs in attendance. A momentary scuffle ensued between myself and my assailant, but I was in an instant surrounded, while the latter retreated in the rear. I now underwent a most rigorous search, and my scanty baggage was dragged from its receptacle and overhauled. At the same moment, my braces and cravat were duly probed, and my unfortunate brandy-flask was returned to me smashed in the inside. The searchers passed their hands several times up and down my legs. Fortunately, I had previously turned up the part of the gaiters overlapping the shoes, and thus removed the greatest source of peril. But too cognizant of their dangerous contents, I could distinctly hear the crackling of the silver paper on which the letters were written, yet, by a miraculous interposition, their ears were as much at fault as their sight and sense of touch, and I, for the first time, escaped the terrible ordeal in triumph. At this stage of the proceedings, the colonel of the regiment stationed at Friedberg entered the court, and seated himself by the side of the local magistrate. He seemed disposed to adopt a summary course of proceeding, and talked of shooting me without any ceremony. I must do the commissioner the justice to say that he, on every occasion, interposed to check the violence of his coadjutor. Both, however, concurred in the opinion, that I was neither more nor less than a Hungarian spy, and appealed from the passport, which declared me to be an English advocate, to what they were pleased to call my military aspect and bearing, and even to the dress I then wore. At length, a suggestion of the commissioner's, that I should be sent off under escort to Grätz, in order that the pleasure of the Imperial Government might be taken as to my fate, prevailed; and I was removed to the den in which I was destined to pass the night, and remain until one o'clock the next day. The place was about six feet square, and dismal enough to make a dog howl. The money I carried on my person had been seized; no food was provided, and a dirty earthenware pot of water was placed at such a distance from without the bars of the cage that it could not be reached. I passed as good a night as the litter of dirty straw provided for me would permit, and at one o'clock was summoned again to appear before the commissioner. I was once more searched. No inquiry was made as to whether I had tasted food for the last twenty-four hours, and however faint and weary, I was myself too much absorbed at the possible discovery of the gaiters, to ask for any. Intense as was the heat at midday, I was brought out to march at once to Hartberg, between a file of soldiers with fixed bayonets. And well did the soldiers fulfil their brutal mission. Not a drop of wine or water was I permitted to taste during the first stage of eight miles, and it was not until we had reached the next stage (the escort, it may be mentioned, was relieved every eight miles) that I was permitted a moment's refreshment. In vain I adduced the insufficiency of the food so dearly paid for; I was forbidden any further rest, and when in a state of exhaustion I attempted to snatch a brief respite on a bank by the road-side, I was struck by the escort with the butt-end of their muskets, and experienced every kind of evasion at the next post, when I endeavoured to obtain the name of the principal offender. The third party, composed like the preceding of savage Croats, fitting agents of such a government, behaved, if possible, more brutally still, and actually proceeded so far as to prick me with their bayonets, for the purpose of expediting my movements, when I suddenly started up, and pointing to my heart, intimated that they might run me through, but that I neither could nor would then move. Seeing that I was determined, they desisted from their persecution, and, sitting down by my side, lit their pipes. It needed the soothing influence of the weed to tame their baffled

passions, and I watched with some interest its slow but sure effects on their swarthy fiend-like countenances. A subsequent brutal proceeding of these men so exasperated me, that for an instant I canvassed in my mind the chances I should incur were I to seize the bayonet of the man before me, and transfix him in my rear. I was saved, however, from a very dangerous, but I feel not an altogether impracticable attempt, by the approach of two officers, to whom I repeated in broken German the brutal treatment I had experienced. * * At Hartberg I was left for some hours in the barrack-yard among the soldiers, without refreshment, until a senior officer, less devoid of humanity than the others, happening to be passing, and seeing that I was half insensible, ordered my removal to a bed. * * After supper I was shown into my apartment, and now I foresaw that the real crisis of peril was at hand. I had hitherto been couched on straw, and had therefore remained in my clothes; now, however, it became necessary to disrobe. Fortunately, the commissioner was not present while I was getting into bed, and that little accident, together with the circumstance of the sentinel's being aware of my having been previously several times searched, it was, which offered me a ray of hope at this forlorn moment. I resolved, therefore, to seize every opportunity that an imperturbable coolness could alone furnish me with for carrying out my designs. Taking off the dreaded gaiters with the same *sang froid* with which I had taken off my coat, I contrived, by a little sleight of hand, in getting into bed, to whip them under it. Five minutes afterwards the commissioner entered the room, and inquired of the guard whether they had perceived anything of a suspicious tendency, and whether I had attempted concealment in any shape. They replied that I had divested myself of everything in front of them without hesitation, and that there was nothing to warrant a remark. So the commissioner retired, first giving orders, at my request, that the lights should be extinguished, and the sentinels should remain outside. Neither of these instructions were, for some reason or other, obeyed; and if I contrived to doze for a few minutes, the gleam of the pale moonbeams piercing through the windows, and lighting up the soldiers' bayonets, effectually dissipated sleep. The soldiers, too, dozed once or twice for a few moments during the night, till, disturbed from some cause or other, they would suddenly start up, as if under the impression that I was making my escape. Then for an hour or two they would direct their glistening orbs upon the spot where I lay, as they thought asleep, watching my very breath. During one of the occasions on which I found them napping in this manner, I contrived to draw up the gaiters from their concealment under the bed, and to place them on the chair alongside of my other garments. As soon as it was light I rose, put on every article of apparel in the same open manner that I had divested myself of it on the night previous. As soon as the commissioner arrived, he put the same questions as before to the sentinels, and they gave a similar answer. I now began to breathe more freely. After breakfast the commissioner conducted me to a landau in waiting at the door, and gave orders to the two Italian corporals, my conductors, that I should be driven to Grätz."

From Grätz, Mr. Pridham was sent back to Vienna:—and after the usual delays in all Austrian police cases, he was sent under escort into Bavaria. There he obtained a new passport in a false name,—thence, crossed the Tyrol,—descended into Northern Italy,—skirted the Adriatic to Trieste,—sailed from that city to Corfu,—and got thence through Janina and Belgrade to Viddin, where he found Kossuth and the generals of the insurrection. Of the great Magyar he has little that is novel to relate:—but he reports a curious conversation held with Bem, in which that extraordinary tactician developed his theory of the war and his reasons for its ultimate failure. This conversation will no doubt be of interest for military readers,—but it is hardly suited for our pacific columns. What follows on the composition and *esprit du corps* of the Austrian army is worthy of attention.—

"Since the death of the gallant Digby, I am happy to say Austria no longer counts an English officer in her service. The untimely fate of that noble youth has been lamented alike by friend and foe. In a sharp *rencontre* at some outpost the Austrians had proved victorious, and were reluctant to give quarter to their Hungarian prisoners. Digby had interposed to rescue them from death, and the better to insure his generous mediation, entered an apartment along with them. Meanwhile the fortune of the day had been retrieved by the Magyars. In ignorance of his humane intervention, they approached the place and demanded the surrender of Digby. On refusing to give up his sword, he was shot on the spot. When they had entered the room, and heard the tale of his late generous interposition, the Magyars burst into tears, and kissing the prostrate corpse, buried it with the usual military honours. Including the Italians, we shall find a very small residuum representing the interests of Austria proper. To glance for a moment at the superior officers:—Radetzky is a Bohemian; Nugent, an Irishman; Welden, a Bavarian; Haynau, a Hessian; D'Aspre, a Neapolitan; Schlick, a Hanoverian; and so forth. The same peculiarity is even still more palpable in the navy; the admiral is a Dane, and the major part of the officers are Italians, Illyrians, or Dalmatians. The people of the German provinces, wherein I include the Tyrol, Moravia, Styria, and Carinthia, had recently remonstrated against this dangerous policy, and had striven to counteract it. In this manner, the seeds of disunion were beginning to be sown in the entire of the corps of officers, and jealousy and suspicion already promised to usurp the seat of the old Freemasonry."

Leaving the refugees to their sad lot, Mr. Pridham crossed the Danube, visited Pesth and Presburg, and even ventured to Vienna. In that city, as might have been expected, he was recognized by the police. A detention of some days, in a foul dungeon, for which they made him pay a heavy rental, followed:—and he was then sent off to Trieste under a threat of twenty years' imprisonment should he ever again enter the Austrian dominions.

He subsequently sailed to Athens, Smyrna, and Constantinople in the interests of his "correspondence," and enriched his narrative with descriptions of those celebrated cities.—Mr. Pridham is evidently a young writer. He possesses information and literary ability,—but his pages are often disfigured by explosions of bombastic sentiment. When time shall have a little sobered his style, we shall be glad to meet with more of his life-like and graphic sketches.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THE Christmas Gift-Book,—in spite of all the "slings and arrows" launched at it by scholars and transcendentalists,—shows a determined spirit of vitality. It is true that most of the old Annuals are dead and buried,—and the rest may be described as fast dying:—yet, for all that, we are not rid of the plague—or the pleasure—as may be. The Americans, as we saw only a week since, are taking the field in strength;—while in England, in spite of preachers and teachers, Pre-Raphaelite inculcations and Arundel Society antiquarianisms, not only are Gift-books of new pattern laid before us with every new November, but some of those commenced since the Annual began its decline appear so well to have answered the purposes of their projectors as to be continued with increased care and spirit;—which means increased capital embarked in their decoration.

Mr. W. H. Bartlett gives us this season, for example, another of his handsome and agreeable volumes, under the title of *Footsteps of Our Lord*

and his Apostles in Syria, Greece and Italy: a Succession of Visits to the Scenes of New Testament Narrative.—Among the most attractive subjects engraved with high finish, are, the views of Rhodes, 'The Spot where Paul stood,' 'The Rock of Corinth,' and 'The Tomb of Lazarus at Bethany.' 'The Forum at Rome' is less happily treated; but it requires powers nothing less consummate than those of a Turner and a Goodall in combination to do justice to that extraordinary scene within the compass of a vignette. By way of commendatory specimen of the letter-press, we cannot do better than exhibit the interior of the Convent at Rhodes, in which Mr. Bartlett was a sojourner.—

"This convent, of which I was now an inmate, was the sole relic of the once powerful Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. It was a massive stone edifice, which would have accommodated a large body of friars, but was then inhabited but by three, who were understood to be in a state of extreme poverty. I was kindly and hospitably received, installed in a small monastic cell, with a trestle bed, and took my meals with the brethren in the conventual refectory. What with the pure air and good living, I rapidly recovered my health. For poor as were my hosts, they contrived, after all, to subsist pretty comfortably in a place where forty eggs may be had for a piastre, value twopence-halfpenny, and where fine red wine was sold at a penny a bottle. To the superior of the convent it was impossible not to become attached. He was a Genoese, a venerable man of eighty. His figure was erect and noble, his eye undimmed, his countenance open and benevolent, while his long white beard, sweeping down to his girdle, conferred on him a most reverend appearance. At an age when the human powers are generally sinking into decrepitude, he was a pattern of industry, and a bright exemplar of Catholic devotion. My cell happened to be next to his; and the first thing audible in the morning was the old man repeating the prayers from his Breviary. He then arose, and ringing the convent bell, summoned his brethren to matins. As neither my health nor inclinations admitted of my joining in this exercise, I got up more leisurely, and met the brethren in the refectory to breakfast. This meal being over, I accompanied the superior to his private apartment, where were collected a number of children, to whom he imparted the rudiments of education. This, however, was far from being his sole occupation; for, while his pupils were conning their books, he employed himself in writing homilies, knitting stockings, curing tobacco, and carrying to completion the manufacture of the large wax candles required for the service of the church. His plan was to purchase a long wick, stiffened with a single layer of tallow, and, making the tallest of his little pupils hold it up over a basin, to then clothe it with successive coats, by basting it with melted wax, until it acquired the needful thickness; and the only symptoms of impatience I ever observed in the old man were when, by carelessness or fatigue, the little fellow selected for this office let fall on the ground the end of the candle, thus breaking it in the middle by the sudden jerk. Besides these multifarious duties, the old man assisted in treading out the grapes, and making the convent wine; and so keen was his sight and steady his hand, that if he saw a bird flying across the garden, he would catch up his gun, and rarely fail to bring it down. As my strength returned, and I became enabled to accompany him in his pastoral walks, it was a pleasure to see the affectionate reverence with which he was everywhere greeted. The children ran to kiss his hand and receive his benediction; and on his entering the dwellings of his flock, they seemed to vie with one another in expressions of grateful regard. The venerable superior, as he told me, had not a single relative, save a nephew, of whom he had not heard for years. He had not a single earthly tie, yet he lived a life of cheerfulness and benevolence, useful and beloved on earth, comforted and sustained by faith in a happy futurity. Would that every adherent of his creed were an imitator of his example!—The second friar, who held the important office of conventual cook, was a much younger man, and presented, in all respects, a singular contrast to his superior. His gait was slouching and indolent, and his countenance

habitually wore a half-cynical, half-sensual look. He was anything but devout, and would come yawning out of the chapel after matins, with bitter complaints as to the intolerable length of the service. Naturally keen and sarcastic, more shrewd than the superior, but totally destitute of the religious sentiment, he was compelled to pass his life in the, to him, tedious routine of services, which he evidently regarded with real, although unavowed contempt, and which had for him, as for many of his order, no sustaining or elevating influences. He hated this world without caring much for the next, and had always an ill-word for every one he met with. His only refuge from a vacant and discontented spirit was the savoury occupation in which he had become no mean proficient; but he was not averse to imparting a knowledge of his art, for under his auspices I learned to make very tolerable 'omelettes'; and so satisfied did he seem with my docility as a pupil, that he favoured me with some of his opinions, 'private and confidential,' one of which, I recollect, was, that 'we may contrive, if we must, to get along without wives, but without good living it is utterly impossible to exist.'—Such was the society in which I spent a month, partly to recover my health, and partly waiting for an opportunity of embarking for Syria. One day, while seated at the conventual board, there entered a personage, over fifty, tall, meagre, and perpendicular as a post; who, removing his broad-brimmed straw hat, gravely bowed to us, with all the formal politeness of the old school. The expression of his countenance, long and deeply furrowed by care, was rather sardonic, but wore, at the moment, what was intended for a fascinating smile. There was a touch of the *petit-maitre*, too, in his dress and manner; it was evident he had been somewhat of a beau in his younger days. His trousers, tight and somewhat shrunken, scarcely came down to his ankles; pink striped stockings succeeded, and shoes. His coat was short-waisted, with long thin tails to it; a huge watch-chain and seals dangled from his waistcoat; his bushy white whiskers seemed nearly to meet across his face, and his shirt collar cut up into the middle of his hollow cheeks. Entering at last upon his business, he explained that there was now a small vessel bound for Syria in the harbour, in which he had taken his passage; and learning that there was a Signor Inglesse at the convent bound to the same port, he had come to propose that we should make our provisions for the voyage in common, in which, from his great experience, he should be able to save me some little trouble. I thanked him warmly; in fact, such a proposal was just the very thing I could have wished for. Next day, the wind being fair, and our preparations completed, I took leave of the cynical cook and worthy superior. Some years afterwards I happened to touch at the same port, and ran to the convent to greet my ancient acquaintances; but the grave had closed over the old man, and whither the other had wandered no one knew."

The above will sufficiently apprise all such as are looking out for Christmas books that there is no falling off in Mr. Bartlett's efforts.

The Keepsake, Edited by Miss Power,—almost the last survivor and representative of the Annual race,—appears this year in its accustomed form,—but with the marks on it of the old age that has overtaken the family to which it belongs. A few names of literary "mark and likelihood" mixed up with a sprinkling of aristocratic ones for show recall in the index pages the tradition of that vanished time when the Annual was a pleasant and eloquent feature of the Christmas season,—but these mere dry bones have lost the life of old. The soul of the Annual is gone. Barry Cornwall, Charles Dickens and Monckton Milnes are names that promise to justify a large amount of that peculiar alloy in which it has been the characteristic of 'The Keepsake' from the first to indulge, with a view to dividing the attraction between the formal and the intrinsic. But this year all things are for the worse. The show-names are of less fashionable pattern than in former years, and the "fine gold" itself has "become dim."

The volume, however, is not without its features of interest;—and of these the most striking is, a paper by Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in which the absurdity of his manner takes its highest and most ludicrous expression. Mr. Carlyle has made an extraordinary mistake in transporting his peculiar tricks of style on to a stage with which he is so wholly unfamiliar. We question if the youngest of his disciples can possibly take him for a conjuror as he exhibits here. By his means we think we can promise our readers some amusement out of 'The Keepsake.' A Latter-day Prophet at the Opera is a sight too novel to be overlooked by men in search of a sensation. A spasm or two must be transferred for the benefit of our readers. They will, no doubt, feel some curiosity to meet Mr. Carlyle curvetting on the verge of Tophet,—for such an abyss, and nothing better, does he conceive Her Majesty's Theatre to be. It does not much matter which of his postures we select.—

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man. Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times; and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! * * Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this:—Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion: a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted up by the genies, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of genius as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport! Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings' grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great-toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees;—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of india-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling: perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second

had bred herself so carefully. Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too; to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it! Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizen select Populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of self-vision: 'High-dizen, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or Best of the World, beware, beware what proofs you give of betterness and bestness!' And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: 'A select Populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-maker: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I am! And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes?' This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizen persons. * * Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you. It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen, and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. * * Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your 'amusements,' which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all."

From rhapsodizing like this, let us turn to one of two ghost stories told by Mr. Dickens, in a paper entitled 'To be read at Dusk.' The first of the two is the best, but it is too long for our purpose.—

"I took an engagement once (pursued the German courier) with an English gentleman, elderly and a bachelor, to travel through my country, my Fatherland. He was a merchant who traded with my country and knew the language, but who had never been there since he was a boy—as I judge, some sixty years before. His name was James, and he had a twin-brother John, also a bachelor. Between these brothers there was a great affection. They were in business together, at Goodman's Fields, but they did not live together. Mr. James dwelt in Poland Street, turning out of Oxford Street, London. Mr. John resided by Epping Forest. Mr. James and I were to start for Germany in about a week. The exact day depended on business. Mr. John came to Poland Street (where I was staying in the house), to pass that week with Mr. James. But, he said to his brother on the second day, 'I don't feel very well,

James. There's not much the matter with me; but I think I am a little gouty. I'll go home and put myself under the care of my old housekeeper, who understands my ways. If I get quite better, I'll come back and see you before you go. If I don't feel well enough to resume my visit where I leave it off, why you will come and see me before you go.' Mr. James, of course, said he would, and they shook hands—both hands, as they always did—and Mr. John ordered out his old-fashioned chariot and rumbled home. It was on the second night after that—that is to say, the fourth in the week—when I was awake out of my sound sleep by Mr. James coming into my bedroom in his flannel-gown, with a lighted candle. He sat upon the side of my bed, and looking at me, said: 'Wilhelm, I have reason to think I have got some strange illness upon me.' I then perceived that there was a very unusual expression in his face. 'Wilhelm,' said he, 'I am not afraid or ashamed to tell you, what I might be afraid or ashamed to tell another man. You come from a sensible country, where mysterious things are inquired into, and are not settled to have been weighed and measured—or to have been unweighable and unmeasurable—or in either case to have been completely disposed of, for all time—ever so many years ago. I have just now seen the phantom of my brother.' I confess (said the German courier) that it gave me a little tingling of the blood to hear it. 'I have just now seen,' Mr. James repeated, looking full at me, that I might see how collected he was, 'the phantom of my brother John. I was sitting up in bed, unable to sleep, when it came into my room, in a white dress, and, regarding me earnestly, passed up to the end of the room, glanced at some papers on my writing-desk, turned, and, still looking earnestly at me as it passed the bed, went out at the door. Now, I am not in the least mad, and am not in the least disposed to invest that phantom with any external existence out of myself. I think it is a warning to me that I am ill; and I think I had better be bled.' I got out of bed directly (said the German courier) and began to get on my clothes, begging him not to be alarmed, and telling him that I would go myself to the doctor. I was just ready, when we heard a loud knocking and ringing at the street door. My room being an attic at the back, and Mr. James's being the second-floor room in the front, we went down to his room, and put up the window, to see what was the matter. 'Is that Mr. James?' said a man below, falling back to the opposite side of the way to look up.—'It is,' said Mr. James; 'and you are my brother's man, Robert.'—'Yes, sir. I am sorry to say, sir, that Mr. John is ill. He is very bad, sir. It is even feared that he may be lying at the point of death. He wants to see you, sir. I have a chaise here. Pray come to him. Pray lose no time.'—Mr. James and I looked at one another. 'Wilhelm,' said he, 'this is strange. I wish you to come with me!' I helped him to dress, partly there and partly in the chaise; and no grass grew under the horses' iron shoes between Poland Street and the Forest. Now, mind! (said the German courier.) I went with Mr. James into his brother's room, and I saw and heard myself what follows. His brother lay upon his bed, at the upper end of a long bed-chamber. His old housekeeper was there, and others were there: I think three others were there, if not four, and they had been with him since early in the afternoon. He was in white, like the figure—necessarily so, because he had his night-dress on. He looked like the figure—necessarily so, because he looked earnestly at his brother when he saw him come into the room. But, when his brother reached the bed-side, he slowly raised himself in bed, and looking full upon him, said these words:—'JAMES, YOU HAVE SEEN ME BEFORE, TO-NIGHT—AND YOU KNOW IT!'—And so died!"

Before concluding, we should mention that one of the pleasantest papers in the volume is by Mrs. Newton Crosland,—and entitled 'Apropos of Lady Teazle.'

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Old Engagement: a Spinster's Story. By Julia Day.—Our remembrance of Miss Day's poems prepared us to expect from her a piece of

good, highly-finished English writing in her prose tale,—whatever might be its subject-matter. 'The Old Engagement' does not altogether disappoint our expectations. The reserve shown by Miss Day in treating subjects of high emotion and deep passion (a reserve by no means to be confounded with the dryness of a cold and meagre nature) is in harmony with the touches of humour which enliven her pages on the present occasion. True feeling cannot be one-sided. The great personator of *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Siddons, was known to have lifted "her unequalled dramatic hands" in helpless mirth when "*John Gilpin*" was read aloud. The most consummate and comical of modern humourists, Hood, was as fond a haunter of the grave-side as *Hamlet* himself.—But, not to wander too far from Miss Day's story, 'The Old Engagement' is one of the most cheerful books that we ever read,—so full of cordiality and comfort and delicate little markings of character, that we were tempted on to the end without ever finding out by the way,—that story there is absolutely none! A lady of a certain age and a gentleman of very decided maturity, whose love-matters had in early life become entangled and broken off, meet again in a country house and make up the quarrel. This is absolutely all; since the wives of a certain winsome widow, who seems desirous of marrying everybody, are never permitted to give us the least alarm,—so transparently are they masked—so outrageously are they over-sugared. Miss Day will do well to avoid such extreme simplicity—not to say slightness—of structure in her future tales. She can hardly, we presume, be unacquainted with Miss Austen's story of an old engagement,—and if so, cannot fail upon reflection to own the art with which in 'Persuasion' the novelist wrought up the suspense and perplexed the chances of explanation, still throughout preserving that exquisite and unforged truthfulness in which, as Scott was wont to say, she is without a rival. With a plan involving something of intricacy, development, and surprise, we can imagine Miss Day writing a novel which of its quiet kind might become a classic,—so highly do we rate the style and the characters in her 'Old Engagement.'

History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonists after the Conquest of Granada. By Francis Parkman, jun. 2 vols.—This is one of the best written histories that has been produced by the recent literary talent of America. The American chief Pontiac, indeed, does not make so grand a figure as the author promises, and on the whole the attempt to make an interesting hero of this greatest of the Red Skins is a failure; but the narrative of the protracted and desultory wars with the Indians, by which the Anglo-Saxon fathers of the present American nation had to make good every mile of their advance into that amazing country which now teems with the evidences of civilization, is of interest in itself and is admirably conducted. Here we have, in the form of authentic and detailed record, exactly such incidents as make the materials in the most delightful of Cooper's novels. The only fault we have to find with the author is, that his style is often too grandiose for his subject. The balanced cadence and verbal ornateness of some of his sentences seem out of keeping with the rough set of beings whose forest life he is describing. We do not object so much to his elaborate descriptions of forest scenery, which are sometimes fine to the verge of poetry, as to his want of the refreshing homeliness of style which is appropriate in describing actions of minor historic importance done amid such scenes. Pontiac was not a Pericles,—and his history cannot be told in Attic periods. But this fault proceeds from what is a merit in the writer—extreme care to write from beginning to end as well as possible; and if Mr. Parkman should enter on higher and more civilized fields of historic research, this quality will doubtless contribute to the value of his compositions.

A Guide to Advertisers: containing Hints to Advertisers, Rules for Advertising, and Classified Lists of the London and Provincial Journals, with the Character and Amount of their Circulation, &c. By an Advertiser.—A work on the plan of this

little treatise every person who wishes to be decently or really better off, in an easy and pleasant manner, is difficult to present to the public. The great personator of *Lady Macbeth*, Mrs. Siddons, was known to have lifted "her unequalled dramatic hands" in helpless mirth when "*John Gilpin*" was read aloud. The most consummate and comical of modern humourists, Hood, was as fond a haunter of the grave-side as *Hamlet* himself.—But, not to wander too far from Miss Day's story, 'The Old Engagement' is one of the most cheerful books that we ever read,—so full of cordiality and comfort and delicate little markings of character, that we were tempted on to the end without ever finding out by the way,—that story there is absolutely none! A lady of a certain age and a gentleman of very decided maturity, whose love-matters had in early life become entangled and broken off, meet again in a country house and make up the quarrel. This is absolutely all; since the wives of a certain winsome widow, who seems desirous of marrying everybody, are never permitted to give us the least alarm,—so transparently are they masked—so outrageously are they over-sugared. Miss Day will do well to avoid such extreme simplicity—not to say slightness—of structure in her future tales. She can hardly, we presume, be unacquainted with Miss Austen's story of an old engagement,—and if so, cannot fail upon reflection to own the art with which in 'Persuasion' the novelist wrought up the suspense and perplexed the chances of explanation, still throughout preserving that exquisite and unforged truthfulness in which, as Scott was wont to say, she is without a rival. With a plan involving something of intricacy, development, and surprise, we can imagine Miss Day writing a novel which of its quiet kind might become a classic,—so highly do we rate the style and the characters in her 'Old Engagement.'

little treatise is a want often felt,—since almost every person has at times to advertise his wares, his wishes, or his services. But to produce a decently correct work on the subject—perfect neutrality being assumed at the outset—would not be an easy task. The circulation of the various journals, where it is not given in the Stamp Returns, is difficult to obtain accurately in most cases,—in some, we should think, impossible. The present treatise is worse than useless, as it altogether misleads its reader for want of this sort of information. Where Government furnishes the figures, they may be correctly given; but in the case of the unstamped journals, and of those in which the use of stamps is a minor incident, the figures are all wrong,—curiously wrong in many instances. Not only are the absolute facts wanting here as regards extent of circulation and so forth,—but even the relative facts. In some instances the stamped edition is given in such a way as to leave the reader who may have no better information on the subject to suppose that it constitutes the entire impression; in other instances the stamped and unstamped editions are added together in such a manner as entirely to falsify the place of particular journals in the series. The very principles laid down as the basis of the classifications in this little volume are thus violated in the classifications themselves,—and the advertiser who may consult its pages is grievously misled by the very authority that assumes to be his "Guide."

Demosthenes, the Oration for the Crown. Translated into English by the Rev. J. P. Norris, M.A.—Mr. Norris has here supplied the English reader with a translation admirably representing both the sense and the style of the original. What he has written is just what we may imagine Demosthenes would have said had he been an Englishman of the present day. For the sake of those who are not familiar with the antiquities and history of Greece, we wish a few explanatory notes had been given.

The Book of Nature. By Friedrich Schoedler. Translated by Henry Medlock.—Schoedler's 'Buch der Natur' is a well-known school-book in Germany,—and this is the first part of a translation of the work into English. It embraces a very general introduction to the natural sciences,—including physics, astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, geology, botany, zoology, and physiology. It would be too much to expect that even an outline should be given by one hand of all these subjects with equal merit. The part which has already been translated by Mr. Medlock—including the physical sciences and chemistry—is undoubtedly the best part of the original volume. In the absence of any more comprehensive general outline, the translation will be found useful in this country under the same circumstances as the original work in Germany.

Outline of the History of the English Language. By George L. Craik.—As Professor of History and English Literature at Queen's College, Belfast, it has devolved on Mr. Craik to deliver a course of lectures upon the English language. The present publication is an abstract of part of these lectures. It contains a series of about twenty leading propositions, printed in larger type, which exhibit in a connected form the principal facts relating to the history and composition of our language. These propositions are illustrated, confirmed and enlarged by the statements appended to each in the body of the work. About a third of the volume is devoted to extracts from English writings of different ages, so as to exhibit the gradual advances made in the language from the Saxon period to the present time. The earlier specimens are translated in full, and all obsolete expressions in those of a later date are explained. Combined with what has gone before, these specimens—which are all dated—give an excellent idea of the various changes that have taken place in the English language. Mr. Craik divides the history into four periods:—the Semi-Saxon, from A.D. 1066 to 1272; the Early English, from A.D. 1272 to 1377; the Middle English, from A.D. 1377 to 1558; and the Modern English, from A.D. 1558 to the present time. His work might be made a very useful textbook wherever English is critically studied, and

may serve as an introduction to the investigations of comparative grammar and ethnology.

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 Ward's (R. A.) Treatise on Investments, 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Williams's (Rev. D.) Preceptor's Assistant, new edit. 12mo. 5s. bds.

OUR MUSEUMS, THEIR DESIDERATA AND ARRANGEMENT.

The actual erection at the present time of a new general depository of our national Records, the proposed erection of a new National Gallery, (as it has been the fashion to term our collection of paintings), and the discussions now taking place concerning the establishment of a great Industrial Museum, render a little deliberation necessary, firstly, with respect to our collections, their desiderata, and their present arrangement, and secondly, with a view to their more consistent, and consequently more serviceable, disposition.

With but little aid from Government, our national collections of Art and nature have been formed either by the liberality of noble or rich donors, or by the zeal of officers attached to our public institutions,—who have accordingly laboured to render their own peculiar departments perfect, without reference to the general collection and its arrangement. The British Museum, true to the legitimate English definition of the word, was established by Sir Hans Sloane and his successors as a "repository of learned curiosities," including specimens of the three great branches of natural history (zoology, botany and mineralogy), Fine Arts, ethnography, and rare books and manuscripts; and for a time a single establishment was sufficient for the reception of the national collection of these different kinds of "learned curiosities." The Armoury in the Tower, as well as the royal collection of animals kept in the same fortress, formed no part of the collections to which

I have above referred, although, strictly speaking, the collection of arms as objects of antiquity ought to form a portion of the general ethnographical collection of the country. Our "Museum," therefore, up to a very recent period, has received within its walls those classes of objects which in Paris constitute the three establishments of the Louvre, the Bibliothèque and the Jardin des Plantes,—to say nothing of the Hôtel de Cluny, the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

Year by year our repository of learned curiosities has gone on increasing; although, as above suggested, its different departments have varied in a very great degree in their development. The legal requirement that a copy of every published book should be presented to the British Museum independent of purchases has swollen the Printed Book Department to an enormous extent. The great additions to the collection of Manuscripts have almost rendered it a separate department, so that it has become questionable whether it would not be more advantageous for the interests of literature in general that it should be united with the great body of Manuscripts in the custody of the Master of the Rolls.

Turning next to the Fine Arts, we find that, until very recently, our national collection contained, in the department of Painting, but a few old and valuable portraits at the British Museum, whilst our Sculpture gallery was enriched with several fine classical series. Many grand additions have been made to the former department, and our National Gallery of Paintings (including the Dulwich and Hampton Court collections) may now boast of possessing some of the finest *chef-d'œuvre* in the world,—but, as a collection illustrating the history of Art from the earliest period, and showing its ramification into the different schools, it can hardly be said to be even in its infancy,—nor does there appear on the part of its directors any intention to supply the deficiencies, as many opportunities have occurred where they might have secured specimens of the Byzantine and early Italian or German schools. In like manner, our gallery of Sculpture, although now rich in Egyptian, Roman, Grecian, Lycean, and Babylonian Art, is entirely destitute of specimens executed during the last sixteen hundred years. With respect to the national collections of Natural History, similar disparity has occurred in their formation; for whilst our collections of preserved specimens of the Animal Kingdom have increased, until we possess, perhaps, the finest in the world, and our national collection of Minerals is also very rich, our specimens of the Vegetable Kingdom increased but little until Sir W. Hooker proved that a series of vegetable productions and their appliances might be rendered one of the most interesting departments in a national "repository of learned curiosities." In like manner the establishment of the Economic Museum of Mineralogy and Geology demonstrated the same fact as regards the Mineral Kingdom. We still, however, possess no collection of the economic applications of the Animal Kingdom;—and this, it is to be hoped, will form one of the objects in the intended Industrial Museum.

In the remaining great branch of "learned curiosities," that of Ethnography, including Archeology in its more limited sense, our national collections (to our disgrace, as the first maritime nation in the world, be it spoken) are extremely deficient;—in fact, many a second-rate town on the Continent possesses a finer collection, whilst the national museums of Denmark and Holland are pre-eminently rich in this branch. It is, in fact, quite lamentable to think how many tribes first visited by our ships have now either entirely disappeared from the human race, or have so modified their manners and customs as to render it impossible now to obtain specimens of their industrial arts in their aboriginal state. Thanks to our missionaries and naval officers, some slight collections have been formed,—and the comparatively private museums of the United Service Club and of the Missionary establishment in Moorfields, possess

* The fine Museum of Comparative Anatomy of the College of Surgeons is so special as not to enter in a general arrangement of our "learned curiosities."

the only records of many tribes of which we have now only a traditional or written knowledge. To a small extent, also, the East India Company have formed a Museum of the Ethnography of Hindustan. Even of the ethnography of our own country, it is only during the present year that a first step has been taken to form an Exhibition.

As the germ of a Great Industrial Museum, mention ought also here to be made of the collection of Models formed by the Society of Arts, whilst the Museum at Woolwich has constituted the natural depository of the models of our warlike and maritime genius.

Such is a hasty glance over our collections of "learned curiosities" and their desiderata,—and now, although it is in vain to hope for a general re-arrangement of the whole,—so as to render it consistent with their subjects, and thus more convenient and practically useful, by bringing the allied portions together,—the time is come when this ought to be to a certain extent attempted. In the first place, the British Museum ought (contrary to the opinion of those persons who think the term applicable only to a collection of the Fine Arts) to be what its name implies,—and to effect this, the library of Printed Books ought to be removed to a separate establishment,—the MSS. added to the great depository of other records at the Rolls, and the Fine Arts department (that is, the Sculptures and the few Paintings) removed to the National Gallery. This would leave to the British Museum the Natural History and the Ethnographical departments;—and even in such case there would be but little room to spare, since the densely crowded state of the Zoological galleries would require more than twice their present space to do justice to their contents;—besides, it would be far more consistent that the Economical Museums of Mineralogy in Piccadilly and of Botany at Kew should be deposited under the same roof as the Zoological, Mineralogical, and Botanical collections at present at the British Museum,—together, also, with the proposed Economical Museum of Zoological Products. Moreover, in addition to the specimens of animals preserved on the old formal plan, the exhibitions of Hancock and Plaque in the Crystal Palace have shown that more real Natural History can be taught by a few groups of animals arranged in accordance with their natural habits, than by whole rows of single specimens:—hence it is to be hoped that a few groups, illustrating the chief families (such, for instance, as that of the Felidae, lately presented to the Ipswich Museum), will be added to the Zoological series in the British Museum.

In addition to Natural History, the Ethnographical series ought also to find its place in the British Museum, illustrating as it does in fact the natural history of the *genus Homo* just as we would wish to see every other *genus* or family of animals illustrated,—namely, by its manners and habits. With such an arrangement, it may seem at first sight wrong to separate the Egyptian Sculptures from the other objects in the saloon in the western gallery of the British Museum; but, until one great museum of Fine Arts and Ethnology, like the Louvre, is erected, such a separation is necessary, in order to preserve a consistent arrangement of our collections. How far the removal of the Etruscan Vases and Bronzes, Coins and Medals (all of which are to a certain extent ethnographical articles), and the Collection of Engravings, to the new National Gallery is advisable, must be left for future determination.

With these additions the British Museum would be found, even at present, not too much crowded; whilst the anomaly of a distinct museum of Mineralogy and of Botany at the British Museum, of Economic Mineralogy in another place, and of Economic Botany in a third, would be avoided. It may, indeed, be said, that the latter collection ought to be kept in connexion with the living plants, and so retained at Kew, apart from the botanical collection in the British Museum; but with equal justice it might be said, that the collection of preserved animals ought to be given over to the Zoological Society's museum in the Regent's Park.

It remains only to add a few words on the mani-

fest disadvantage of keeping far apart, or at a distance from London, such important Museums as those of Economical Mineralogy and Botany,—in fact, these, if not united with the collections of Animals, Plants, and Minerals at the British Museum, seem naturally to constitute portions of the Great Industrial Museum which ought to result from the Industrial Exhibition of 1851. Indeed, when we see it announced that many of the most interesting objects in the series of Vegetable and Mineral products, and their appliances, have been already secured for the Museums of Piccadilly and Kew, we cannot help considering that they have been, as it were, abstracted from that great Museum of Industrial Art which the past Exhibition has taught us to be so necessary to the progress of our Arts and Manufactures.

As, however, it is perhaps now beyond a probability, that the Economic Museum of Mineralogy will be given up as a distinct establishment, and carried to the British Museum, and as it is perhaps equally improbable that the Library will be removed from its present situation, we must be content to put up with the present arrangement of these two great departments,—one occupying the place which far more consistently belongs to the other.

We next turn to our Fine Art collections; and as it is admitted that a new National Gallery is necessary, let no niggardly feeling interfere to prevent the establishment being rendered worthy of the country and of the treasures which it possesses. The state of the British Museum imperatively demands the removal of part of its contents, in order that justice may be done to the rest;—and as the union of Sculpture with Painting is perfectly consistent, let us hope to have our collection of these two sister Arts brought into one great establishment, and arranged chronologically and according to the different countries and schools, to which let us also hope that some attempt to establish a Museum of Architecture will be added. I am aware that it has been proposed to remove the Natural History collection from the British Museum; but by so doing we must either restrict the Museum to the Library alone, or unite with it the Sculptures, which would be a very inconsistent arrangement; or keep the Sculptures where they are, and unite with them our Paintings, which experience has already shown would be destructive to the latter, resulting from the impurities of the atmosphere of our metropolis. J. O. W.

Hammersmith, Nov. 15.

MR. COLLIER'S PAPERS ON SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In the report of the proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries at their meeting of the 5th of June last [see *Athen.* No. 1233, p. 636], it is related that Mr. Collier read a third paper 'On a Number of Curious and Important Points omitted in all the Biographies of Sir Walter Raleigh:—'when he showed, from a comparison of his own copy of the 'Discovery of El Dorado' printed in 1596 with others bearing the same date, that this work was twice printed the same year,—a circumstance, he said, not hitherto noted by anybody.

This assertion rests on an error:—for in the introduction preceding the reprint of 'The Discovery of the Empire of Guiana' which I edited for the Hakluyt Society in 1848, I observe, at page lxxv,—"The general belief that during Raleigh's lifetime only one edition of his voyage was separately published, is erroneous,—as on a recent comparison of two copies bearing the date of 1596, we have observed some typographical differences." The differences exist, as I explain in a note, in the ornamental letters, the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh (W. R.) at the end of his Preface and Address to the Reader, and the catchword at the end of the pages.

I am sorry that it is not within my reach to make myself more in detail acquainted with Mr. Collier's Papers;—which are no doubt of high importance to all who take an interest in one of the most remarkable characters that the Elizabethan age produced. I do not know, therefore, whether he had been able to ascertain to what daughter of his Sir Walter alludes in the letter which he addressed to Lady Raleigh on the occa-

sion of his resolving to commit suicide. Although I mention the circumstance in my Introduction (page xliii), I have not been able to procure a clue.

The distance at which I live from England will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for the late appearance of these remarks.

ROBERT H. SCHOMBURGK.

Santo Domingo, Oct. 18th.

DR. LARDNER AND ATLANTIC STEAM NAVIGATION.

IN a new edition of Dr. Lardner's work on the Steam Engine which has just appeared, a recapitulation is given of the leading points in the controversy on the subject of Atlantic Steam Navigation. As the question is thus brought once more before the public,—as most erroneous impressions are prevalent respecting it,—and as I am able from my personal knowledge to state the real facts of the case,—I trust you will afford me sufficient space in your columns to set the matter correctly before the public.

Most persons suppose that Dr. Lardner declared the passage of the Atlantic by a steam vessel to be a physical impossibility; and if an example be wanted to show how far the achievements of physical science may outrun the anticipations of scientific authorities, Dr. Lardner's supposed declaration is usually cited as a case in point. It happens, however, that Dr. Lardner entertained no such opinion as that usually imputed to him, but in fact maintained the very opposite. About the time of the meeting of the British Association in Bristol in 1837, being then engaged in superintending the construction of the largest steam vessels of that day—the Don Juan, the Braganza, and the Tagus, belonging to the Peninsular Company—I was applied to by Dr. Lardner to ascertain my views respecting the prospects of Atlantic Steam Navigation, and I then went along with him carefully into the question.

It was of course obvious to us both that for a steam vessel to cross the Atlantic was perfectly possible. In fact, at least two steam vessels—the Savannah and the Curaçoa—had crossed it already. And although it was doubtful whether any steam vessel of that day could carry coal enough to maintain the full power of steam during the whole voyage, it was clear nevertheless that any seaworthy steamer could accomplish the voyage by adopting one of two alternatives. She might either proceed under full steam as far as her coals would last, and then conclude the voyage under sail,—or she might pass through the whole distance under partial steam, working the engines with only a portion of their power, as had been repeatedly done by the Medea and other steam vessels when sailing with the fleet. It was obvious to every one, indeed, that the capability of a steam vessel to carry coal for an Atlantic voyage hinged on the amount of power put into her,—or, in other words, it was a question of the proportion of power to tonnage; so that by making the hull of the vessel very large, and the engines relatively small, a sufficient capacity for coal to enable the engines to be worked throughout the voyage would certainly be obtained. This abstract question however was not the one which engaged the attention of the public, or on which it was necessary for Dr. Lardner to deliver any opinion. But three distinct projects were at that time before the public proposing to connect England with New York by steam vessels of large tonnage and power; and the problem presented for resolution was, whether these undertakings—unassisted as they were by a Government grant, and relying wholly on the returns from goods and passengers—would probably be successful. Dr. Lardner's opinion was that they would not,—and in that opinion I concurred. No one was able to answer Dr. Lardner's arguments, but they were drowned by clamour; and he was represented as having given utterance to an absurdity, in order that the force of his reasonings might be the more effectually concealed.

For the moment this expedient succeeded. The three schemes which had London, Liverpool and Bristol as their European termini were, contrary to Dr. Lardner's recommendation, established and

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Sirius.....	Withdrawn.
Royal William.....	Withdrawn.
Great Liverpool.....	Sold.
United States.....	Sold.
British Queen.....	Sold.
President.....	Lost.
Great Western.....	Sold.
Great Britain.....	Sold.

In fact, the whole of the enterprises condemned by Dr. Lardner have miscarried, and have been attended with loss and disappointment to all concerned.

The Cunard and American lines of packets being supported by large Government subventions, of course do not come under the conditions which Dr. Lardner had to consider:—which were those of an enterprise subsisting only on its own returns. Nor had his prognostications any reference to the class of auxiliary screw vessels now plying across the Atlantic:—that class of vessels having been unknown in 1836. His remarks had reference exclusively to paddle vessels with full power. And since the whole of the vessels of that class, except those supported by extraneous aid, have been driven from the field, and since the Cunard line, notwithstanding the great ability with which it is conducted, requires a Government contribution of 145,000*l.* a year to enable it to be carried on, it appears certain that the doctrines which Dr. Lardner promulgated in 1836 and 1837 are irrefragable still,—notwithstanding the improvements which have since taken place in steam navigation. One by one the schemes which he condemned have exploded. No one would now think of re-constructing them. Who then shall say that his anticipations have not been borne out by the result?—I am, &c.

JOHN BOURNE, C.E.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

More than fifteen months ago, an act was passed against burials within the metropolis. That act was intended to meet an evil of the grossest kind. It was loudly called for by the public—and was carried by unusually large majorities in both Houses. Yet its provisions up to this time have not been enforced. The putrid mounds in Drury Lane—in Lambeth Marsh—in Tothill Fields—continue to be opened daily, to the serious loss of health and life. The public has felt itself completely mystified in the matter. But the secret, such as it is, of this strange inactivity is at last out. On Tuesday, a deputation, headed by the Bishop of London, waited on Lord John Russell and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to impress on them a warmer sense of the growing impatience out of doors with their slow and incomprehensible proceedings. The excuse offered by the two ministers was—the unexpected and utter failure of their bill! Prepared by themselves—placed for execution in the hands of men selected by themselves,—when it came to be applied, the bill was found to contain no money clause! Their agents were to fight the battle, but there were no sinews of war. Parliament had cast them off. The country was not responsible for their outlays. They had no means of their own. It is true, the money market was open to them, as it is to every other class of speculators,—but the money-lenders asked for good securities, and they were not forthcoming. Therefore, nothing, or next to nothing, has been done. Towards the close of last session, the Board of Health stole a few moments from its troubles about sinks, sewers, water-pipes, tanks, dust carts, sweeping machines, and other scavengery, to inform Ministers that their powers were inadequate—that their credit was bad on the Exchange—and that in order to the due discharge of their duties they must be invested with larger powers, and have a right given them to tax all London interments whether in public or in private cemeteries for the means of income! The Chancellor of the Exchequer rather hesitated to present a bill for that purpose to the House,—and took advantage of the recess to think more about it. He is still thinking, as he says. All that the deputation could learn from the two ministers

was, that Government will be prepared to explain its intentions in the coming session.

The search for the missing Arctic Expedition to the north of Behring's Straits, which we advocated last week, is, we learn, intended to be carried into effect if sufficient funds can be raised for the purpose.—The projector, Capt. Beaton, proposes to fit out "a small but efficient screw steamer, manned by twenty-five or thirty men, and provisioned for five years, to enter the Arctic Sea by Behring's Straits, and keeping to the north-west, to run along shore as close as practicable, examining every part likely to be visited by any retreating parties from Sir John Franklin's ships:—then, to strike off for the islands of New Siberia,—where, after having searched the northern and eastern parts, to push to the eastward, to the northward of a chain of islands that were supposed to extend from Melville Island to longitude 140° or 150° west, in which latitude it is anticipated that the navigation will be comparatively clear, to winter as far east as possible, and during the early spring examine by the sledges around the winter quarters, and the next year again push eastward as before."—Capt. Beaton estimates that about 4,000*l.* in addition to the amount found by the promoter will suffice to fit out the Expedition:—which should leave England before the end of January next. We observe some eminent Arctic authorities among Capt. Beaton's supporters.

Coin-collectors have been attracted to Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's rooms by an unusual collection of objects for sale:—a mass of Mint papers belonging to the late Mr. Stanesby Alchorno, the King's Assay Master,—including the original 'Register-Book of Designs' by John Croker, chief engraver at the Mint in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George the First; a mass of curious papers connected with Thomas Simon and his works; some interesting details relative to the Aberystwith Mint known (by name at least) to the student of English history in the reign of Charles the First; and certain waifs of information not to be neglected by the historian of medallist art in this country. The volume of Croker's designs contained under each drawing a certificate of approval in the handwriting of Sir Isaac Newton. The designs are one and all extremely neat in point of drawing,—and, like the coins and medals of the artist, are more remarkable for beauty of execution than for any originality or happy arrangement in design. This interesting volume was bought by Sir F. Madden for the British Museum, for the sum of 40*l.* We wish we could add that even the remainder of the more valuable MSS. had found a fitting locality in the same quarter. They were, however, sadly dispersed:—and it is feared that some of the new information about Simon which we observed during a cursory inspection of the papers will be again lost to the public.—At the same sale the Duplicate of the original Standard Troy Pound made for the Commission appointed by the House of Commons in 1758 to adjust the standard of weight was sold for 17*l.*, and purchased by the Government. The original was destroyed with the Houses of Parliament, in 1834.

From Philadelphia we hear of the death of a man of science, Mr. R. C. Taylor, on the 26th of October, aged 62. Mr. Taylor emigrated in the year 1830, being previously well known as a Fellow both of the Antiquarian and of the Geological Societies. He had published a work of great care and research while resident in his native county, Norfolk, 'Index Monasticus for East Anglia'; and had made some useful explorations into the fossil remains on the coast of Norfolk. In America he wrote for various philosophical Societies,—and published in 1848 his large work on the statistics of coal.

Many of our readers who value highly the literary services of Colonel Rawlinson will have great satisfaction in learning that from the rank of consul at Bagdad he has been promoted to that of consul-general to the province.

There are many movements going on at this time in the public offices. The office of Public Works is moving to Whitehall Place. The Ordnance Office at the Tower is moving to Pall Mall. The Excise Department in Broad Street is moving

to Somerset House, where the Stamps and Taxes are already located. The Poor Law Board is moving to Gwydyr House. The Board of Health is moving from that well-known residence into a house in Parliament Street; and the Solicitor to the Treasury to the new buildings over the way. The Lord Advocate of Scotland and the Counsel to the Home Office are moving to Spring Gardens. The exodus from Somerset House is almost general. The School of Design has received, it is said, a hint to move. The Admiralty Office is desired to betake itself to Whitehall. The Registrar-General knows not as yet whether he is to move.—Meanwhile, extensive alterations, including the addition of a wing, are in progress at Somerset House. The buildings which occupy—or encumber without occupying—the site, are in process of being cleared away. A number of piles have been driven into the river, and a pile-driving machine floating alongside is at work preparing a strong coffer-dam for the new foundations.

It appears by an advertisement for tenders inserted in the daily papers, that Government has at length adopted its resolution with regard to the steam route to Australia. Twenty steamers of the first class are to be employed in the new service. The passage through Torres Straits is abandoned in favour of the southern route; so that, the mails from Sydney will be carried to Singapore all round the lower base of the continent. This arrangement can only be temporary. Nature herself has determined against this as the final highway between the Australian capital and the nearest British emporium in the Eastern hemisphere,—it is almost the same as if a regulation compelled vessels trading between Cork and London to go round the north of Ireland; but in the present state of the colonies it may possibly not work amiss. Certainly, Port Phillip, Adelaide, Swan River Settlement, and all the stations on the north and west will receive benefit from the preference. The announcement for tenders also states the important fact, that the parties offering must undertake to convey the mails every fortnight between this country, the Mediterranean, Hindustan, and China. Thus we shall have two desiderata supplied at the same time:—a fortnightly mail overland to and from China,—and a regular system of steam communication between the various colonies of Australia and the mother country.

The cottage reform is gradually swelling into a national movement. It began with Howard. It was taken up shortly afterwards by the Whitbreads and others as a delegated duty. But the living generation—the race of fox-hunting, roaring, roystering country squires "born to drink and vote and raise the price of corn"—had to die off before the humanities of the question raised by the philanthropist could be understood, much less adopted. A race, however, has now succeeded, or is succeeding, to the profits and duties of "the Fine Old English Gentleman" which is sensible of the power of logic and open to the influence of humane ideas. Every day we see and hear evidence that property has begun to comprehend something of the spirit of the age. This week we see it announced that the Duke of Northumberland has commenced the erection of a thousand new and superior cottages on his estate in the North:—thus following and strengthening a movement begun and carried out by others. We know of no higher title to regard, even in the story of the Percies, than works like this confer on a wealthy family. If we are not mistaken in the signs of the times, the day is not far distant when it will be thought more honourable to have been the builder of a thousand model cottages than the hero of a hundred fights.

The Spanish Government has named two Commissioners to conduct, at Madrid, with Messrs. Baroche and Couture the negotiations for a treaty of international literary copyright. M. Cordova, a distinguished senator, and M. Eugene Ochoa, the author, a principal official in the Ministry of Public Instruction, are charged with powers to bring this treaty to a conclusion.—By the way, we must take the opportunity of correcting an error of detail which crept last week into our statement of the provisions of the copyright treaty between England and France. The expense of the certifi-

cate of registration conferring foreign copyright in Paris is not to exceed 6 francs 25 centimes,—instead of 25 francs, as stated by mistake.

The Warsaw journals announce the death of one of the celebrities of modern Polish literature—Madame Nakwaska. This lady was the author of Polish novels and of sketches of the society of the capital. She has died at the age of 69.

The importance of an uninterrupted passage from Vienna to the sea coast at Trieste is so great, that the Austrian Government some time since offered a prize of 20,000 gold ducats for the construction of an engine which could overcome the considerable gradient and curves of that mountain railroad. The prize was awarded to the locomotive of M. Maffei of Munich:—whereupon some of the engineers of Vienna started the objection that Government could not use the engine in question as some of its contrivances invaded patents of theirs obtained since the prize was proposed. This created some delay; but the Austrian Minister of Public Works has ordered, nevertheless, that the 20,000 golden ducats shall be paid.

The "Eighth Harry," it is known, founded a grammar school at Worcester in connexion with the Cathedral. He set down all the figures and named the sums to be paid to each with the exactness of a Cocker. There were to be for ever—one dean, ten canons, one schoolmaster, one usher, forty grammar boys, and ten choristers. The allowances were fixed as precisely:—the dean was to enjoy every year 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; the canons 20*l.* each; the schoolmaster 20*l.*; the usher 10*l.*; the school boys 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; the choristers 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The cathedral dignitaries, as was usual, became the managers of this endowment. Some three centuries or so passed on, during which public opinion slumbered in Worcester,—“social order” was undisturbed by any bold reformer,—and the dean and canons were as solemn and conservative as the fine old cathedral itself. At last, however, the longest sleep will come to an end. Opening its drowsy eyes, Opinion of Worcester begun one fine day to peer about in strange corners of its noble edifice;—when it was surprised to find ten of its boys missing—ten of the forty. This led to further inquiry. It then found that even the remaining thirty had paid ten guineas each for their places. How was this? Was there not money enough? No—was the answer: not enough:—at least, not since the canons, in direct violation of the statutes, had raised their own allowances from 20*l.* a year to 62*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* each:—since 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* a year had been deducted from each boy's allowance for the master, 2*s.* for the cost of coals! Because, after taking 2*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* from 2*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, there only remains 3*s.* 10*d.* as a provision for each boy,—which is demonstrably not sufficient for his maintenance. Worcester public opinion, somewhat startled by such answers, has put in a formal protest against this system of management:—and threatens to be still more demonstrative unless the clerical administrators in question profess themselves willing to admit of a searching inquiry into the past with a view to reforms for the future.

It appears that we have not yet got clear out of the entanglement in which our correspondent “S. A.” [*ante*, p. 1150] involved us by the summary extinction of the race of White of Selbourne. Neither the inheritors of the honoured name nor their friends are willing that the family shall thus be annihilated by a casual traveller. Another correspondent, well known to ourselves, writes to us to say that the descendants of Gilbert White's brothers are very numerous. Three of those brothers are represented by living “particles” that object to be thus “snuffed out by an article”:—and of these numerous descendants our former correspondent, Mr. A. Holt White, is one.

Mr. Bolton Corney has addressed a proposal to our contemporary *Notes and Queries* on the subject of the Caxton Testimonial. Mr. Milman's poetical idea of a lamp and fountain—light by night, beauty by day, and usefulness at all hours—having dropped for the present, in consequence of want of larger funds,—and no other project being at the moment under discussion for supplying its place,—Mr. Corney thinks it would be advisable to spend the money in reprinting Cax-

ton's works,—a man's works being thought his best monument. Including the whole of the typographer's original writings, specimens of his translations, a brief notice of his life, a glossary of obsolete terms, and an appendix of documents, Mr. Corney calculates that the whole might be contained in a single octavo volume, to be sold at a moderate price.—Like most other propositions, this seems to us to have a weak and a strong side. To a reprint of Caxton such as Mr. Corney suggests we have no objection. The volume, as we have described it, would be a welcome present to all lovers of history, biography, and philology,—and would enable many who have no present access to the works which it would contain to learn something of the man as he himself thought and wrote. But we would on no account allow this reprint to supersede the material monument. They who argue that an author's book is the best statue that can be erected to his memory, urge a mere truism, so far as the individual is concerned. But the feelings out of which springs the desire to erect monuments to illustrious men of other times is not altogether individual. It is partly an historical instinct. Many of those who contend for a statue to Cromwell in the New Palace, do so, not on the personal ground so much as because it offends their historical sentiment that the material records of the country do not correspond with the written. It would be no addition of renown to Cromwell if he were allowed to take his niche in the House of Commons,—nor to Shakespeare if a colossal monument were raised in his name on Primrose Hill. The honour and the illustration are not to them,—but to the country, to us and to our children. Caxton's works, printed and set on the library shelf, would be seen by only a few,—read by still fewer. His monument in the public street would be a daily witness to thousands, preaching to young minds impressive and inspiring lessons. It would inform the intelligent stranger in our great city—not that Caxton is worthy of honour,—but that Englishmen are aware what constitutes their best illustrations.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Nov. 20.—Viscount Mahon, President, in the chair.—This was the first meeting of the season,—and it was attended very numerously. Several objects of antiquarian interest were exhibited; including early coins and personal ornaments of the British, Roman, and Saxon periods. Dr. Roots sent a large perforated ball of brick earth, supposed to be Roman, and found on the site of Caesar's encampment not far from Kingston. Some discussion took place as to the use to which it had been applied. One or two members seemed to think that it had been one of the rubbing stones of a quern, or hand-mill; but the objection to this notion was, that the material was too soft. Mr. Porrett, with more plausibility, conjectured that it had been used as an offensive weapon at the end of a rope or chain; but if so, it must have been of British, not of Roman origin,—such instruments not having been usually employed by the Romans.—Mr. R. B. Price accompanied an exhibition of tessellated pavement (found in making the recent improvements) by a letter giving a general view of such discoveries in or near London.—Mr. J. R. Smith laid on the table some impressions of inscriptions upon a church either in Falaise or in some other town of Normandy. They were of a Christian character, and of a very early date. Many volumes were added to the Library:—nearly all the archaeological Associations of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway sending presents of their printed proceedings. Mr. Schoolcraft, of Washington, transmitted a copy of his very learned and well illustrated work (prepared by order of the Legislature) on the antiquity, history and present state of the various tribes of Indians now incorporated in the United States.—Mr. Pettigrew communicated some observations on the manner in which the Egyptians buried with embalmed bodies representations of the deities supposed to preside over the structure of different parts of the human frame.—We mentioned last season

the gift by the Rev. Mr. Kerrieh of several thousand early Greek, Roman, and British coins. During the recess, Capt. Smyth, assisted by Mr. Akerman and Mr. J. R. Smith, has arranged the whole of them in the usual classes; and according to the report of the first of these gentlemen, they turn out to be, not only more numerous, but of considerably greater value than was supposed. They have been placed in several cabinets; and, with other relics of the same kind already in the museum of the Society, they form a most useful and instructive historical series. A vote of thanks was passed for this report to Capt. Smyth:—who is understood will relinquish his office of Director at the next anniversary, and confine himself to his new duties as one of the Vice-Presidents. The election of his successor is in the whole body of the Society:—the Council having the duty in the first instance of recommending the candidate.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Nov. 19.—Sir J. Dorant in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Hogg, ‘On the Recent Discoveries in Central Africa,’ particularly those relating to philology; by Drs. Barth and Overweg.—When the despatches lately received from the travellers left Kouka on the west shore of Lake Tchad, Dr. Overweg was engaged, as our readers know, in surveying the lake and its numerous islands; while Dr. Barth, proceeding S.W. to Yola, the capital of the kingdom of Adamaus, had determined the facts: first, that there does not exist any range of mountains continued from Mount Mendefy to the W.N.W.; and, secondly, that the connexion of the Niger with the Sharyby, the river of Adamaus, called in its lower course the Tsadda, is certain. Mr. Hogg described the characteristics of the two great tribes of nomads visited by Drs. Barth and Overweg in the extensive districts of the Sahara,—viz., the Tuariks, on the W. and S.W., and the Tibbos, on the E. of that vast desert and on the N. and N.E. of Lake Tchad. Numerous tribes of the Tuariks inhabit the middle of the Sahara; both the appearance and language of these tribes show that they belong to the Berbers, the aborigines of Northern Africa. The Tuarik language is believed to be the original Berber. It differs in nothing but pronunciation from that of the Berbers of Mount Atlas; and is probably the same with the language used by the aborigines of Northern Africa before the arrival of the Phœnician colonists, who introduced that dialect of the Hebrew called Punic. The two nations and their languages became mixed by intermarriages, &c.:—whence Virgil's expression, in describing the inhabitants of the country about Carthage, “Tyrios bilingues.” The Tibbos, or east Saharic tribes, use a distinct idiom of the Berber. Among other discoveries made by the two travellers is the philological one of two new languages. One of these is said to be spoken by the inhabitants of Lake Tchad or by a tribe bordering on that lake:—the second was met with among the native tribes of Central Africa, considerably to the south of that lake. Both of these appear to be distinct from the Berber or Tuarik tongue,—and from the dialects of Southern Africa and the true Negro idioms.—Some remarks were addressed to the meeting by Mr. Birch respecting the names of the African prisoners, ranged round the statue of Thothmes III. in the Louvre. Many of these names are found in Pliny, some in Ptolemy, and a few in Herodotus. This subject, Mr. Birch observed, had engaged the pen of M. de Rouge, in a memoir on the tomb of Aahmes, at El-Hegs, lately read before the Institute of France, which he stated to be a most valuable introduction to Egyptian philology. Sir G. Wilkinson had likewise noticed the same subject, in commenting on the tomb of Aahmes. The extent of the empire of the Pharaohs is shown in the variety and remoteness of the countries to which the prisoners belonged.—M. Lenorman gave an account of the formation of the beautiful hieroglyphic type employed at the Imprimerie Nationale of Paris, and in particular in printing the above-mentioned memoir of M. de Rouge. A set of hieroglyphic types was composed by M. Letronne, and executed in an imperfect manner by M. Dubois. Those

actually in use are by M. de Rouge himself; and were arranged by him for the Imprimerie Nationale, and executed at the expense of Government. The characters are already numerous,—but the nature of the subject requires continual additions.

STATISTICAL.—Nov. 17.—Lieut.-Col. W. H. Sykes, V.P., in the chair.—Dr. Guy read a paper 'On the Duration of Life among the Clergy.'—This paper was the first of a series of communications which Dr. Guy proposed addressing to the Society on the duration of life among the members of the several professions. A preliminary inquiry into the subject, based on facts extracted from the obituaries of the Annual Register, was brought under the notice of the British Association in September 1846,—and was subsequently published in the ninth volume of the Journal of the Statistical Society. In that essay it was shown that the clergy are longer lived than the members of other professions,—though they do not live so long by several years as agricultural labourers. The facts contained in the present communication tended to confirm the results established in the former essay, by showing a very favourable duration of life among the clergy; but detailed comparisons of one profession with another were necessarily reserved till the completion of the contemplated series of papers. The essay was illustrated by several tables:—among others, by tables comparing the clergy of cities and towns with those of rural places, the married with the single clergy, and the clergy of past times with those of the present day. It resulted from these tables—which were admitted to be based, in some points, on too small a number of facts—that the clergy of rural districts had an advantage of more than two years over those of cities and towns,—and the married of more than five years over the single. The duration of life among the clergy in the last three centuries appears to have been remarkably steady,—with signs of recent improvement. The last table of the series contrasted the average age at death of Popes, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Established Church and Romish Saints. The Popes being appointed very late in life, attained the greatest mean age,—exceeding that of our Archbishops and Bishops by about a year:—the latter surviving the Romish Saints by about two years. This abbreviation of life in the case of the Saints of the Romish calendar may probably be attributed in part to celibacy, in part to the ascetic practices to which some of them were addicted.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 18.—Sir W. Cubitt, President, in the chair.—The paper read was 'A Description of a new Metallic Manometer, and other Instruments for measuring Pressures and Temperatures,' by M. Eugène Bourdon, of Paris.—The instruments were stated to be very generally adopted in France, where the government inspectors of steam-engines used pressure gauges on this principle in verifying the accuracy of all the other instruments they found attached to the engines under their inspection. At the French Exposition of 1849, M. Bourdon received a gold medal, and at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, he was rewarded by a Council medal.—Mr. Pole exhibited and explained an instrument of his invention, called the "Prismatic Clinometer," for measuring angles of elevation and depression. It was an application to vertical angles of the principle of Capt. Kater's prismatic compass, in which the angle is read by a prism, at the same time that the sights are directed to the object. The advantages of Mr. Pole's instrument were, its portability, it being only about three inches diameter and three quarters of an inch thick,—its simplicity, durability, and safety in carriage,—the convenience and facility with which it could be used,—and its accuracy. The various applications of the instrument were explained, and also a modification of its construction, by which it could be combined with the prismatic compass, and a new compound instrument thereby produced, which would be exceedingly useful in topographical investigations.—Mr. C. May directed the attention of the Meeting to some specimens of iron ore now being extensively raised in the neighbourhood of Middlesbro'-on-

Tees, by which as great a revolution would, probably, be caused in the iron trade of the North of England as the discovery of the black band ore in Scotland had produced some years since. This ore was found in a bed of 15 feet to 18 feet in thickness, close to the surface, amidst cheap fuel, and within a few miles of a seaport; and as it contained from 33 to 35 per cent. of iron, its advantages were already so fully estimated by the proprietors of some iron-works where there were eleven blast furnaces, that they had ceased working their former mines, and conveyed this ore a distance of 55 miles by railway with advantage to the quantity and quality of the iron produced.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Nov. 11.—Dr. H. Yates in the chair.—Dr. Beke made a communication 'On the Exploration of the Upper Course of the Bahral-Abyal,' by Dr. Knochelecher, the Pope's Vicar-General in Central Africa, through more than half a degree of latitude beyond the extreme point reached by the Turco-Egyptian Expeditions. The observations made by Dr. Knochelecher in the parallel of 4° 9' have already been given to the public:—and Dr. Beke remarked that they tended to confirm his views, as to the sources of the Nile being considerably more to the southward.—Mr. Bonomi made a communication 'On the Ancient Mode of setting up Stones and Obelisks on their Pedestals.' Mr. Bonomi remarked that on some of the largest stones in the temples of Greece and Sicily a groove is made, in the shape of a horseshoe, at each end of the stone, by which means a rope could be inserted and the stone suspended and lowered into its place without disturbing its neighbours, and then the rope drawn out. In the great Temple of Agrigutum in Sicily there is also another contrivance for lifting and lowering into its place large blocks of stone. It consists of a projection at each end of the stone, (part of the block itself) round which a rope might be placed, in the same way as, in former contrivances, it was placed in the groove. In the great blocks of the terrace wall of the Temples of Baalbek there are some accurately-cut square holes of sufficient depth to insert iron pins by which the block might be attached to the moving power. With us a rectangular hole is cut in the upper surface of the block, which hole is wider at the bottom than at the top for the insertion of iron wedges and a ring; by which means the block is suspended and lowered into its place. None of these contrivances, however, are discoverable in Egypt; but Mr. Bonomi pointed out in the pedestals of two obelisks of Luxor and in the pedestals of the colossal sitting statues of the plain of Gorna, grooves that extended the whole length of the profile of the square block on which the statue is erected. Into this groove was placed the lower edge of the seat, first of all very obliquely and afterwards and by slow degrees less so, till the hoisting or lifting process became changed for the lowering process, which must have been done with equal and steady movement. Mr. Bonomi then illustrated the process from the account left by the Egyptians themselves on the wall of a tomb and given by Rosellini, in the great work published by the Tuscan Mission.—Mr. Bonomi also exhibited a comparative view of all the Obelisks now set up in the world; and also a drawing of the limestone statue of Rameses II., Sesostri of the Greeks, now lying on its face among the ruins of Memphis,—and which it has been proposed by a Correspondent of the *Athenæum* of the 25th of October to remove to this country instead of the Alexandrian Obelisk.—This question gave rise to some discussion: from which it appeared that all the Egyptian travellers present—among whom were Dr. H. Yates, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Scoles, Dr. Beke, and others—were opposed to the removal of so dilapidated a monument,—but rather thought that the best thing that could be done would be, to re-erect it in its present position.—Equally strongly did most of those present object to the removal of the obelisk of Heliopolis:—so striking and so characteristic a monument where it now stands. Dr. Yates gave an amusing history of the Alexandrian obelisk; which once bore a plate commemorative of the battle of Aboukir, and hence became obnoxious to

a portion of the Frank population of Alexandria:—and he added, that if a monument was wanted in this country, it would be much better to erect one of a national character, and to support native art and industry, than to remove a ruinous obelisk that would not harmonize with anything around it.—Mr. Ainsworth read two communications—one by Mr. William B. Barker, the other by Mr. Birch of the British Museum.—'On the Terra Cottas of Tarsus.' Since last session, Mr. Barker's brother had continued the exploration of the site,—which Mr. Birch compares to the Monte Testaccio at Rome; and had obtained many more examples of figures and objects illustrative of the arts and history of the city of the Assyrian Sardanapalus, the Apostle Paul, and the Apostate Julian. The figures and objects in Mr. Barker's possession now amount to upwards of one thousand; and a considerable portion of the more interesting among the newly discovered were exhibited to the Society. Mr. Birch describes them as "in style of art, many of them of exquisite taste and feeling, and some the most charming fragments of terra cotta that he had seen." As Mr. Barker intends communicating these discoveries to the public soon, it is unnecessary to enter into the details elucidating the separate figures and objects, and their bearing on the art and local history of Tarsus as developed by Mr. Birch, Mr. Barker, and Mr. Abington.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Nov. 24.—C. Jellicoe, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The Secretary read a long list of donations to the library from the under-mentioned public Boards, consisting of all their more recent publications, the whole comprising upwards of 100 vols.—Board of Trade, General Board of Health, Commissioners of Railways, Poor Law Board, Inspectors of Factories, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, Committee of Council on Education, Home Office (Criminal Tables), Surveyor-General of Prisons. The Chairman announced that the Council had elected forty corresponding members resident out of the United Kingdom,—by means of whom the Institute was put into communication with twenty-seven of the leading cities in Belgium, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, and the United States of America.

A mathematical paper was read, entitled 'Some Considerations on the Theories of Combinations, Probabilities and Life Contingencies,' by P. Hardy, Esq.:—in which the author endeavoured to give an elementary view of some of the leading theorems in the doctrine of probabilities, and to show how immediately apparently complicated problems in life contingencies involving three or even more lives can be deduced from some of the very simplest forms and expressions in the doctrine of probabilities. In order to do this, the author treated briefly the subject of combinations; and gave nine problems in which the probability of an event happening once, twice, three times, &c. in any number of trials, is at once thrown into the form of the expectation of one, two, or three lives, and their joint and successive continuance. The paper concluded with six tables, showing the algebraical formulæ for the determination of the probability of an event happening from 1 to n times, in from 1 to n trials.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Royal Academy, 8.—Anatomical Lecture.
- Chemical, 8.
- British Architects, 8.
- Royal (Anniversary), 4.
- Tues. Horticultural, 8.
- Linnean, 8.
- Civil Engineers, 8.—'Account of the Works on the Birmingham Extension of the Birmingham and Oxford Junction Railway,' by Mr. C. B. Lane.
- Pathological, 8.
- Wed. Geological, half-past 8.—'On a curious Fossil Fern from Cape Breton,' by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq.—'On the Cambrian and Silurian Rocks which appear at the Base of the Carboniferous Chain of Yorkshire, near the Craven Fault,' by the Rev. A. Seagrave.
- Thurs. Antiquaries, 8.
- Zoological, 3.—General Business.
- Fri. Archaeological Institute, 4.
- Sat. Medical, 8.

THE COLLODION PROCESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

I am anxious to communicate to those engaged in the Collodion process in Photography an improvement in the manipulation which I believe will be found to facilitate the process considerably. It is, the use of the upright glass bath for the

nitrate of silver solution:—and I will endeavour, in as few words as possible to explain my mode of using it.—The bath is about three parts filled with a solution of nitrate of silver of the usual strength; and the prepared glass (as soon as the film of Collodion has set) is plunged into it. The whole is then placed in its proper position in the camera,—the focus having been previously obtained; and the light is thus allowed to act on the prepared film whilst in the bath of nitrate of silver. By this means great cleanliness is preserved in the manipulation,—and very delicate pictures are obtained.—I have used this bath during the whole of the summer and autumn; and several friends, at my suggestion, have adopted it with great success.—The bath is made of two pieces of the best plate glass, connected together at the sides and bottom, and gradually tapering downwards so as to form a narrow wedge-shaped bath,—the top being about three-eighths of an inch wide and the bottom one-eighth. This bath is cemented into a wooden frame, having a closely fitting lid to prevent all dust falling into the solution.

I am, &c. FRED. SCOTT ARCHER.
16, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

FINE ARTS

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Of the two sorts of railing—the offensive and the defensive—the British Museum will have had an unusual share. Of the latter kind it will exhibit a superfluity. Fence spreads before fence,—a line of dwarf railing in front for the protection of the tall and showy grenadier-like palisades in the rear:—so that, with the sentinels to boot, the Museum will be at all events well guarded, if it be not quite so well watched as we could desire. Such excessive caution and jealousy might lead a stranger to suppose the building to be a Mint instead of a Museum, and that the gilding on the palisading was intended to symbolize the coinage of the precious metals within. For our own part, we have all along expressed our opinion that the inclosing of the space before the Museum was not only unnecessary, and therefore a piece of extravagance,—but a means of diminishing the general architectural effect. Not only does the lofty palisading operate too much as a screen, interrupting a distinct view of the colonnaded façade from the street,—but, besides indicating a different taste from the former, it is in itself too pretending. While the gilding bestowed on it causes it to look finical and foppish in comparison with the architecture of the edifice, the latter suffers by being made to look more chillingly cold and bare than before,—and in some respects strangely stunted and unfinished, too. The enormously massive stone piers, again, considerably reduce the apparent size of the Ionic pillars of the colonnade:—nor do they when so exaggerated agree with the character of a comparatively light metal-work fence or screen. As regards the piers, too, there is a strangely unartistic omission:—there being no pier at all where something of the kind seems most called for,—viz. at the extreme angle next Montague Street, where instead of the termination in that direction being boldly defined, the palisading is made to sweep round the corner. Owing to this, as there are piers elsewhere, a disagreeable expression of weakness takes place just at the point where strength should have been more decidedly pronounced. As the hoarding is removed only from that portion of the frontage which is to the east of the centre, we are unable to say what the centre itself will be, or whether any sort of porter's lodge is to be erected at the entrance there. Neither do we know whether it is intended to have merely sentry-boxes, or to "practise" recesses for the sentinels in the stone piers. If, in compliance with custom and what seems to be etiquette, we are to have the former, it may be presumed that they will be some degrees less mean and unsightly than things of the kind now generally are. Possibly a little metallic lustre will be extended to them:—if not, they may contrast rather ludicrously with the gilt-work of the palisades.

Dr. Secker, a gentleman who had acquired a large fortune in Mexico, has left to the Print-

Room of the National Library in Paris all such of his large collection of engravings as that establishment may be deficient of. He has bequeathed, also, 200,000 francs to the Institute of France. Dr. Secker's collection of paintings has been sold,—and fetched high prices.

We find it stated in the *Builder* that M. Decker the publisher, of Berlin, has engaged the most eminent engravers of Dresden, Munich, Nürnberg and other places to prepare plates for Kaulbach's frescoes now in progress of execution at the New Museum in the Prussian Capital. Some thirty of the great master's pupils are now at work on these frescoes; two or three rooms are nearly finished, and the magnificent cartoons on the grand staircase are well advanced. The interest felt in these works in Germany is such, that the Government has been induced to throw open the rooms to the public; and from the day when the paintings were actually begun, although a fee is charged to keep out the crowd, there has been a constant inflow of visitors. The engraving will necessarily occupy some years. Many of the plates, we understand, are to be coloured.

It is stated that a fine picture has just been found in the episcopal school in Cologne—which, on internal evidence, is pronounced to be by the same artist as the altar-piece in the Cathedral.

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin announces that it will open in that capital an Exhibition of the works of living artists on the 1st of September in next year. The Exhibition will be continued for a period of two months:—and the artists of all nations are invited to contribute their works.

The Lateran Museum, founded in Rome by Gregory the Sixteenth, is slowly but steadily adding to its collection of valuable antiques. The latest acquisition consists of a series of eight statues of superior excellence, found in the Augusteum of the municipium of Coene, representing members of the family of Octavian. The spaces of the Aula, constructed by Sixtus the Fifth out of the ancient palace, are nearly filled with inscriptions, columns, fragments, and other monuments of more or less interest for Greek Art and Roman history.

A Correspondent of the *Builder* has written to that paper from Chelmsford assuring the editor, by way of what the writer assumes to be correction, that the statue of Chief Justice Tindal does "rest upon the pedestal provided by Mr. Baily, the sculptor." No doubt it does,—and this is precisely one of the absurdities in the case. The statue is lifted, pedestal and all, on to the pump:—whereby the pump becomes the final pedestal, and the sculptor's pedestal dwindles to a plinth. Had the statue been designed as an original decoration of the conduit, it would have been made to combine intimately with the main work of which it was to be an incident. The extra pedestal is the mark of its foreign origin,—and the two pedestals are an expression of the incongruities here assembled as emphatic as the figure of a Water-God in a wig and gown.—The Correspondent of the *Builder* adds, that Mr. Baily himself, on a recent visit to the town, admitted that the combination in question was "neither offensive nor ridiculous." Supposing Mr. Baily to be correctly reported, we can only observe, that it was very kind in him to say so. But, with all due reverence for Mr. Baily's dictum on a matter of Art, we cannot put our sense of the incongruous absolutely at his disposal. The town of Chelmsford is unquestionably lucky if it can quote such authority:—but for ourselves, we can only say, that if Mr. Baily thinks a Judge on a pump a felicitous arrangement, for once we differ from him.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MISS DOLBY has the honour to announce that the SECOND of her ANNUAL SERIES of THREE SOIRÉES MUSICALES will take place at her residence, 2, Hyde Street, Naudesier square, on TUESDAY, the 2nd of December, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Miss DOLBY will be assisted by eminent Vocal and Instrumental Artists.—Tickets, Half-guineas each, to be had of Miss Dolby only.

PRINCESS'S.—This theatre has opened in full force, with 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' costumed according to the period of Henry the Fourth,—and with the first part of the tragedy of

'Henry IV.' itself. The latter is performed as during the previous season, except that Mr. Wigan enacts the *Prince of Wales*. The character in his hands assumes new traits;—rather princely and pensive than familiar and gay. In the latter part, Mr. Wigan evinced great judgment in the subdued tone with which he delivered the solemn speeches previous to the battle,—and the pathetic manner in which he lamented the supposed death of Sir John Falstaff. The jolly knight, in both plays, was represented by Mr. Bartley; who performed with his usual unction, and presented the traditional points which are now interesting from the circumstance that this actor is almost the last survivor of a race, and one with whom these reminiscences of the past will probably expire. One thing to be remarked on, is the comparative slowness of elocution and large amount of emphasis given by the older performers to the text. They seldom missed a point; and Mr. Bartley insists on every portion of a sentence, ascribing to each its shade of meaning. Mr. Harley, in attempting *Slender*, manifested the same peculiarity of a by-gone style; and threw into the character,—particularly in the earlier scenes—so much elaboration as to challenge rather more criticism than his performance is well calculated to bear. Mr. Keeley, in the Welsh parson, erred in the contrary direction,—doing too little. Mr. Meadows as *Shallow*, and Mr. Wigan as *Dr. Caius*, aimed at originality rather than force in their impersonations; but the taste displayed atoned in some degree for the want of certain points to which we have been accustomed. There was, indeed, throughout an evident ostentation of thinking for themselves on the part of all the principal performers,—Mr. Vining, as *Page*, excepted. The part of *Ford*, by Mr. Charles Kean, deserves to be recorded as a specific creation;—so skilfully did it avoid all imitation of previous performances, and so adroitly succeed in portraying the comic side of the passion of jealousy. Mrs. Keeley and Mrs. Kean as the two "Merry Wives" were excellent and well contrasted. The impression at the conclusion was, that we had not for a long time seen the comedy so strongly cast and so carefully played. The scenery and accessories were new and costly; and the variety of the costumes and in some instances their beauty, will doubtless prove attractive.

On Monday, a new farce by Mr. Serle, called 'Tender Precautions; or, the Romance of Marriage,' was produced. The burthen of the humour lay on Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, as *Mr. and Mrs. Gosling*; who are the scapegoats of other people's peccadilloes,—the former getting kicked and challenged in place of his friend *Jack Sparrow* (Mr. Wigan), and the latter being thrown into a dreadful fit of matrimonial jealousy by the mysterious aspect of affairs. The plot of this drama was needlessly complicated by the introduction of incidents foreign to the main design; and became, about midway, not a little tedious:—but the performers returned to the charge with spirit, and recalled the attention of the audience. There is a want of comic *vis* in the dialogue; and many of the jests proved abortive, either from "the nothing" of the point, or from weakness in the expression. The piece requires much abridgment.

HAYMARKET.—A clever farce was produced here on Monday. It is by Mr. J. M. Morton, and entitled 'The Two Bonnycastles.' Mr. Buckstone supports the hero:—who is the victim of an odd adventure, founded, we believe, on an actual event recorded in the newspapers. Being accidentally knocked down in the Park, and missing his watch, Bonnycastle concludes that a person whom he sees running has robbed him of it:—whom, accordingly he follows, knocks down in turn, and deprives of his watch, thinking it to be his own. On his return home, he discovers that he had left his own watch behind him,—and that instead of having snatched robbery himself, he has inflicted it on another. To escape the consequences, he leaves his wife, changes his name, becomes a lawyer's clerk,—and is about to commit bigamy with the lawyer's niece, when his rival in love appears, and proves to be the identical person whose watch he had stolen, and who, first

some acquaintance with our hero's wife, had been induced, for his own purposes, to assume the name of Bonnycastle. In the midst of the jealousy and confusion occasioned by this event, Mrs. Bonnycastle steps in,—and matters are finally explained.—The drollery of Mr. Buckstone's acting in this farce was irresistible; and he made the most of the points in the dialogue,—which is smartly written.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—"Counter Attractions," a farce by Mr. Tilbury, written for Mr. John Reeve, has proved successful. It is simply a medium for the latter's imitation of several living performers and of the sound of various musical instruments:—both which were cleverly managed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—We hear that among Mr. Webster's musical novelties talked about is a new opera by Mr. Balfe. On Wednesday was once again revived 'The Beggars' Opera.' This *extravaganza* is not kept alive wholly by the sweet and simple old English tunes which it contains, but as much by the skill and sharpness of Gay's share in the work. Let it be noted, too, for the benefit of all given to undervalue the poet's share in the best musical drama, that the Duchess of Queensberry's *protégé* runs a better chance of being remembered in future days by this "Newgate Pastoral" than by his 'Fables.'

It must suffice that we announce among the music of the week the *Seventh and last Concert* for the season of the *Lyric Madrigal and Glee Club*, held at the Whittington Club, on Monday evening last. Miss Basano has been singing for M. Jullien since Monday last.

The *Orchestral Society* has, we believe, been dissolved "conclusively,"—to use Dr. Chalmers's favourite word;—its history thus far being told by two lines from the now-forgotten "Dr. Syntax":—
Heaven pardon all who were to blame,
The child is gone that never came.

Next week we shall have something graver to say concerning the reasons which rendered dissolution necessary.

All who have followed their rise and development of singing at sight in England will hear with interest that the Wilhelm method, as adapted to English use by Mr. Hullah, has not long since been introduced into our Royal Academy of Music; in preparation for the more refined courses of vocal instruction to be afterwards given by the Professors of singing.

Two grand musical Masses were performed last week in Paris for beneficent purposes:—one by M. Zimmermann, on St. Cecilia's Day, in aid of the Association of Artists-Musicians;—and the Fifth Mass of M. Dietrich for another musical charity.—Madame Barbieri-Nini has been singing in Rossini's 'Semiramide' with greater success, the journals say, than in 'Lucrezia Borgia.'—The *Société Sainte Cécile*, conducted by M. Seghers, has commenced its series of concerts for the season.—The Countess of Landsfeldt has been once again brought before the Courts of Paris; this time at the suit of her theatrical agent, M. Roux, who has failed to make good his claim upon her.

M. Ponsard has decided to give his 'Ulysse,' with M. Gounod's choruses, at the *Théâtre Français*,—and not at the *Théâtre Porte St.-Martin*, as was at one time intended.

The opera composed by M. Duprez, and just given at Brussels, appears to have gained a success of esteem. So great, however, is our confidence in the determined energy of the admirable tenor,—to which, indeed, his success as a singer was largely due,—that we shall not be surprised if he force for himself his way to certain merit and success as a composer. The last tenor singer who composed operas was Rossini's first *Count Alcazar*, Signor Garcia.—Signor Costa, who might also be cited, having figured as a vocalist only by the merest accident.

The Frankfort journals state that the success of Madame Sontag is on the increase. She was to appear in Flotow's 'Martha,'—an opera which, strange to say, retains its popularity in Germany. The journals of the Free Town speak, too, in cordial terms of the impression produced by Signor

Marchesi as a concert-singer,—commending his voice, method, and versatility of range in the music sung by him. That this gentleman wanted only familiarity with the public to succeed in no ordinary degree, we pointed out more than once before he left England.

An interesting historical concert was the other day given at Dresden for the benefit of an Artists' fund; in which the music ranged betwixt Walter (1548) and Wagner,—from whose 'Flying Dutchman' a chorus was performed, in token of the peace recently made between the King and the Composer. An act of grace, too, has been passed in favour of that old favourite with the Dresden public, Madame Schröder-Devrient, who had also been in disgrace, we read, in consequence of her having been mixed up in political affairs.

"A hit" is said to have been made at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, by 'Mignon,' a little drama in which Goethe's exquisite creation is freely handled, and charmingly personified by Mdlle. Favart. To judge from the *Journal des Débats*, "a miss" seems to have been again unluckily made by Mdlle. Dejazet, in her new part, in 'Quand on va cueillir la Noisette,'—a trifle just produced at the *Théâtre Vaudeville*.

MISCELLANEA

Discovery of a Freshwater Lake in the Interior of Western Australia.—Mr. Philip Oakden, in prosecuting discoveries lately for runs, has discovered a freshwater lake of some extent towards the northern extremity of Lake Torrens, and has claimed for the adjacent country an occupation licence. He was directed to it, we understand, by information received from the natives,—and access to it can be gained only by crossing a salt-water swamp. This discovery tends to confirm the impression that Lake Torrens receives the drainage from a tract of high inland country, the continuance, probably, of the ranges which, in Western Australia, tend to the north-eastward; the main drainage is probably towards the northward, and creates the large rivers which are known to flow in that direction. Probably it may yet be proved that Cooper's Creek empties itself at the head of Lake Torrens. The attention of the Government must soon be turned towards fresh exploration; our total ignorance of the vast tract lying north and west of the settled districts of the province being discreditable to us, and not a little tantalizing.—*Adelaide Observer*.

Sir James Stephen's Lectures.—Cambridge, Nov. 26.—Your notice of Sir James Stephen's Lectures tempts me to send a few lines in explanation of some matters which non-academic readers might very naturally misunderstand,—but which should be clearly stated in order to place both the lecturer and the University in a fair light. Sir James has (independently of a large body of what may be called amateurs) two distinct classes of hearers:—first, those who intend either one or twelve months after taking their degree to present themselves as candidates for honours in the Moral Sciences Tripos;—second, those who intend not to graduate in honours, but to take an ordinary degree, and are compelled previous to their degree to attend one course at least of the lectures of one at least of the Professors of moral and natural sciences, and pass a satisfactory examination in the subject of the course. This regulation is intended for the benefit of the numerous idlers who now scrape through a "pol" degree on the strength of a modicum of classics, mathematics and divinity, hastily swallowed in their last few months. The examination does no more than certify the existence of some knowledge of the subject. It is to this latter class of hearers that Sir James's remarks on the scanty knowledge of French must almost entirely apply;—and for their benefit he is now preparing an English abridgment of Sismondi. With the other class the case is different. They are examined not for a certificate, but for honours. They will consist partly of those intelligent and studious persons not so numerous as many suppose, but still by no means few) who have no great taste for classics and mathematics, and feel more interest in other studies,—and partly of those who have graduated in classics or mathematics, or both. Speaking from a considerable knowledge of such persons, I can say confidently that they are not thus ignorant of French;—indeed, the principal books recommended and used in the only trial that has yet taken place were, Sismondi, Guizot and Henault.—One more point should be noticed. The Lectures were not intended simply as a class-book to supersede other histories. Sir James Stephen expressly told his hearers that he assumed them to have read the facts of the history in Sismondi or elsewhere; and in the examinations only a very small proportion of the questions touched on matters discussed in the Lectures.

ACADEMICUS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—R.—"Et."—J. R.—S. L. J.—Constant Reader—J. W. B.—received.

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